

HOW TO BE HAPPY
IN BERLIN

HOW TO BE HAPPY IN BERLIN

BY
JOHN CHANCELLOR

AUTHOR OF "HOW TO BE HAPPY IN PARIS"

WITH CHAPTER HEADINGS AND A MAP



LONDON :: ARROWSMITH :: W.C.1

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Introduction

AFTER I had lived in Paris for three or four years, after I had been broke there, and opulent there, and happy there, and miserable there, I wrote a guide-book to that shining city. Apparently it was the sort of book that people wanted, for thousands of copies have been sold.

Like most reasons for popularity, that of *How to be Happy in Paris* is not difficult to find ; it is merely that it tells the truth about Paris. Also it keeps a strict eye on the tourist's profit and loss account at those times when the average writer of Paris guide-books is losing himself (and the tourist) in a welter of lyrical phrasing, under cover of which the Paris touts, waiters, music-halls, cabarets and what-not hurl themselves with glad cries upon their victims and skin them to the bone.

I have evolved the cardinal rule for writers of guide-books—Don't get too familiar with the city you're writing about. I don't deny that information in a guide-book ought to be accurate and reasonably complete. My point is that if you stay too long in a place you get to know it so well that you can't see wood for trees. The writer of a guide-book ought to be the eyes and ears of his readers—eyes and ears sent in advance—, and while they ought to be keen and receptive eyes and ears, they must not react in any manner startlingly different from that in which the readers' ears and eyes would react to the same things. If they do, the guide will be useless to the tourist.

When I began the guide-book to Paris, I knew the city so well, and the customs and the people, that I had to ask myself seriously what it was that made Paris different from every other place on earth. I had been there so long that the novelty of first impressions of unfamiliar ways and things had worn off. On my first day in Paris, when I saw dignified gentlemen in silk hats walking about the

boulevards with unwrapped yards of bread in hand, I shrieked with joy at this novel and un-English spectacle. At the end of three years I did not notice it ; in fact, I had contracted the habit myself, and would have been pained and astonished if anyone had laughed at me.

I have not been so long in Berlin, and the novelty of the place hasn't worn off yet. Therefore, I think I shall write a useful book about it. I have been here long enough to find out what to do and what to avoid doing ; but each time I see a motor-bus with a thing like a ship's ventilator whirling round on each side of it, each time I see flaming red fingers wagging out of the wind-screens of taxis, I stare with boyish interest.

Now we shall talk about the war.

First, you don't see anything of the war in Berlin, nor hear anything about it either. Here and there are war-memorials—good ones as a rule—but you don't find them unless you look. (There is an interesting one in the Untergrund Bahnhof, Nollendorfplatz.) The Reichwehr (Home Defence Guard) stroll about in couples : if you see twenty in a day's

tour of Berlin it is quite remarkable. There are two field-grey soldiers in steel helmets outside Papa Hindenburg's modest palace in Wilhelmstrasse; and that about completes the present militarism of Berlin, as apparent to the casual eye.

There are thousands of people in England who sincerely believe that every man, woman and child in the German Empire is thirsting for English blood. Perhaps they are; but if so, all I can say about it is that I haven't noticed it. In six months in Berlin my impression of the Germans is that they are a kindly, sentimental people, who seem to have a marked liking, admiration and respect for the English.

An English tourist in Berlin is a welcome guest. In Paris he is first a pigeon to be plucked, and then the most perfidious member of perfidious Albion. I like Paris, and individually I like the French; but I can't deny that as a people they are incapable of friendship—that is, friendship as we know it. The French nation doesn't like any other nation, no matter which.

This is not the place to discuss war-guilt, and in any case I am not a student of that subject, but before we leave it perhaps it would be as well to point out that all the human reactions which were brought about by the sad business of 1914-1918 have been brought about by similar sad businesses ever since the world began. A hundred and fifteen years ago little children in English homes were frightened into behaving themselves by the threat that "Bony" would get them if they didn't. In 1916 "Hindy" was the bogey-man. To-day Napoleon is an international figure of romance, and Hindenburg is a kind-hearted old gentleman, wise and simple, and the idol of his people.

The scene changes, but we remain the same.

The Germans are always reasonable, in any circumstances ; there is enough of the Gallic in us to make us lose our heads occasionally. For example, one of the leading streets in Berlin is Französischestrasse (French Street). I asked a German friend, "Was that street called by the same name during the war?"

“ Yes,” he answered. “ Why not ? ” “ No reason at all,” I said ; but I was thinking how enthusiastically we deprived the unoffending Islamic sweetmeat of its hated name, changing it from Turkish Delight to Oriental Delight—or was it, perhaps, Allied Delight ?

Every nation has its traits which seem wrong or ridiculous to other nations, and writers and politicians have a bad habit of taking a quick look at other peoples, and definitely and for ever labelling them as perfidious John Bulls, or gross Fritzes, or sleek and sensual Alphonsees.

As soon as people wake up to the simple fact that, whatever writers may write or governments may do, a square mile of German soil, or French soil, or Italian soil, or any other soil, is just as likely to contain as large a percentage of decent people as a similar area of English soil, a great step towards world-peace will have been achieved.

But I’m afraid many hundreds of years will go by before that beatific state is arrived at.

Perhaps the patriotic reader is at this

moment foaming at the mouth. If that is so, I should like to point out to him that he cannot be a better patriot than by making an effort to understand the Germans and Germany, and by doing all he can to forget old wounds and old hatreds. The nations of Europe are so interdependent that if one falls sick all the others feel pains in their bones. For our good and everybody else's good the war should be forgotten and the old wounds healed up. Germany is getting on her feet again, and every day she becomes a better market for British goods. Everybody who tries to keep war-hatreds alive, who puts obstacles in the path of understanding between our people and hers, is a bad patriot. He is helping to injure his country's trade, and his country's trade is sick enough.

Therefore, the motto of the official tourist organization of Berlin—" *Jeder Einmal in Berlin* " (Everybody once in Berlin)—is one that we ought to take to heart. Germany is not just across the way, like France, and many of us cannot help seeing her, from a distance,

through memories of battle-smoke. A week in Berlin would alter that.

But let us get back to the guide-book.

There is a greater resemblance between Berlin and Paris than between Berlin and London or Paris and London, but Berlin is unique. It is not a beautiful city. There are not many lovely corners in it, as in London and Paris. You cannot carry away with you a memory of a certain spot ; what you carry away with you is the atmosphere of the city as a whole. It hasn't the gloomy grandeur of London, it hasn't the fairy romance of Paris ; but if ever there was a city of youth, it is Berlin.

I know no more inspiring place than the corner of Friedrichstrasse and Unter den Linden on a bright day. Traffic rushes by ; but it isn't the slow, weary, colossal, incredibly old traffic of London, nor the wild, harum-scarum, take-a-corner-on-one-wheel traffic of Paris : there is something calm, mighty, dignified, yet wonderfully youthful and high-spirited about it. The people in the streets

hurry along, but there is no congestion ; the pavements are wide enough to let the crowds go by. And they're youthful, courageous crowds, with the light of inspiration in their eyes.

Paris is the place to loaf in ; London is the place to work in ; Berlin is the place to do great things in with great, grand gestures.

It is a new city, covering an enormous area, and for the business man and the holiday-maker it occupies a site that is unrivalled in Europe. Not only is it the centre of the European railways and airways (you can fly to Moscow or Stockholm, London or Madrid, as easily as you can take a taxi in London), but it enjoys the best all-round climate of any European capital of its size. It is dry and bracing ; it can be hot in summer and cold in winter, but its dry air makes it bearable under any conditions. More than that, it is full of ways of escape from the vagaries of climate. In summer you can go out to the glorious lakes and forests which surround it ; in winter you can go ice-skating in the Tiergarten (the Hyde

Park of Berlin), and find ski-ing at the end of an hour's train journey.

It is a comfortable city. The houses are large and solid, the rooms are large, well-aired and well-heated. It has long, wide streets (where are the vistas in London ?), and plenty of open spaces. Flowers grow on the window-sills of every house in summer-time.

The tourist is welcomed to Berlin—welcomed officially by the city, and unofficially by every shopkeeper, and cafe-, restaurant-, theatre- and cabaret-proprietor in it. And the pleasant game of fleecing the visitor, so well known in Paris, and in every French, Italian and English resort, has not got there yet. But hurry up ! The Germans are a pains-taking people, always ready to learn from their neighbours. If you delay your visit too long, they may have acquired that trait before you get there.

At the present time ten per cent. is put on the bill almost everywhere in café, cabaret, restaurant and hotel, and there is no need to pay more. In a cabaret it does no harm to give another ten per cent., for when one goes

to a cabaret a couple of marks extra doesn't matter so much.

Transport—bus, Untergrund, tram—costs a uniform rate of twenty pfennigs (a fraction more than twopence), and tickets are interchangeable from one system to another, so long as you keep travelling in the same direction, and not for more than two hours. A Berlin bus-ticket looks like a cross between a temperature chart, a lottery ticket and a balance sheet, and is about the size of a luggage label. The conductors of the various transport systems amuse themselves by punching holes in it, tearing its corners off, and comparing the figures on it with their watches.

The Berlin taxis are not as cheap as in Paris, but cheaper than in London. And tipping is not expected. I'd better write that again—TIPPING IS NOT EXPECTED. If you give the driver ten pfennigs (a penny) he is your friend for life.

Many people seem to be afraid of the Berlin police. I don't know why ; personally, I've found them polite and helpful. They certainly

look fierce, for they wear squat black helmets, with a steel star emblazoned on the front, and they're hung round with fire-arms and bayonets. Of course, the German police system would go against the grain of the Englishman. In Germany you even get your insurance cards stamped at the police-station ; and they've got a horrifying system whereby anyone can go to the Polizeipräsidium (the Scotland Yard of Berlin), pay a mark, and get anybody else's address. Berlin is no place in which to hide from your friends.

The hand-shaking system, which makes life in Paris so tiring, prevails also in Berlin. Before work begins in a German office in the morning everybody goes round shaking the hand of everybody else. Men raise their hats to each other (you also raise your hat to a policeman, and receive a salute in return), and you call the policeman "Wachtmeister" just to flatter him.

The language is a difficulty if you want to take a holiday on the cheap, but it is by no means insuperable. In most hotels English is spoken, and in most restaurants. Farther on

in this book will be found an outline of the language, and a list of words and phrases which ought to be learned on the journey. Here and there in other chapters I have put in a word or a phrase which may be useful. This lot will get you through most difficulties.

Now for the cost of a holiday in Berlin. The fare is the chief snag. I had a talk on this subject with the director of the official tourist organization previously referred to, hoping there was some means by which tourists could travel to Berlin by excursion rates, but it appears that the Versailles Treaty is in the way. The finances of the German railways are controlled by the Reparations Committee and nobody can get a cheap ride, either legitimately or not.

Second class return fare costs about ten pounds, and undoubtedly the best way to go is via Harwich and the Hook of Holland. You leave London (Liverpool Street) round about eight o'clock at night, you get six hours' sleep on a large, comfortable boat, and you arrive at Berlin at half-past five on the afternoon of the following day.

However, if the City of Berlin hasn't been able to do anything about the railway-fare, it has been able to help the tourist in other ways. A scheme has been arrived at whereby books of tickets are issued, providing for everything necessary to a holiday in Berlin—hotel accommodation, good meals, visits to museums, cafés, etc., excursions in the city and to Potsdam—for any period of time ranging from a week-end.

What you get for your money under this excellent system is set out below :—

WEEK-END IN BERLIN.

(Cost 25 marks = 25s.)

Lodging for one night in "a good bourgeois hotel."

Breakfast.

A visit to the Exhibition (there is always an exhibition in Berlin).

One lunch.

Coffee in the afternoon.

Two dinners.

Tour of Berlin in a sight-seeing autocar.

Escorted visit to the museums.

Escorted visit to the Potsdam châteaux.

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Up and down the Funkturm.

A visit to the Planetarium.

Service and tipping.

THREE DAYS IN BERLIN.

(Cost 50 marks = £2 10s.)

Lodging for three nights in "a good bourgeois hotel."

Breakfasts, lunches, dinners, and afternoon coffee for three days.

Two visits to the Exhibition.

Escorted visit to museums and Potsdam châteaux.

Up and down the Funkturm.

Escorted visit to Tempelhof Aerodrome.

Visit to the Planetarium.

Gift of the official guide-book of Berlin with map.

Visits to cafés, etc., at reduced rates.

Service and tipping.

FIVE DAYS IN BERLIN.

(Cost 90 marks = £4 10s.)

Five days of everything comprised in the three days' visit, and the following extras :—

Autocar excursion in Potsdam.

Voyage in a motor-boat de luxe on the River Havel.

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SEVEN DAYS IN BERLIN.

(Cost 120 marks = £6.)

All the above, together with three visits to the Exhibition, one visit to the Aquarium, and a steam-boat trip between Berlin and Potsdam on the Oberspree, with lunch on board.

Anybody visiting Berlin for the first time is advised to take advantage of these tickets, which can be obtained through any of the agents for the German railways. By this means not only are the cardinal difficulties of where to eat and where to sleep solved for the tourist at a much cheaper rate than he could solve them for himself, but all the establishments to which the tickets apply are answerable to the Government for their good conduct ; therefore the tourist need have no fear of being plucked in the elementary matters of board and lodging, and can save his feathers for the cabarets. It should be added, however, that while the hotels, restaurants, etc., in question are officially recommended, they are not under Government control, and

there is no danger of one spending one's holiday in the atmosphere of a barracks, or even in the atmosphere of the Band of Hope.

As will be seen from the above figures, it is possible to spend seven days in Berlin for £16, including second class railway fare. You can burst into a good many bars and a couple of cabarets for four pounds (if you carefully carry out the directions set down in this volume), and therefore £20 should cover a good week in Berlin.

A lot of people spend £20 on a week in Paris, and a lot of people spend a good deal more. That is very fine for Paris ; but I don't think it would do Paris a great deal of harm, and it would certainly do everybody a great deal of good, if everybody came once to Berlin.

To the tourist in search of new sensations Berlin offers many attractions. It is huge, it is new, it is unique, and it is hundreds of miles away. In Berlin you feel you are really in a foreign country ; in Paris you can never be sure of that. The Frenchiest-looking

Frenchman is likely to address you with the opening remark, "Say, Bo," and reveal himself as a native of Chicago. But from the moment you join the train at the sand-swept, draughty platform at Hoek van Holland, and watch the Dutch stationmaster put on his red and gold cap, grip his medallioned baton in hand and give the official right-away, you know that you're in strange lands where everything is peculiar and interesting.

As the train goes by, men in uniform pop out of little huts at the edge of the line, stand at attention with their medallioned batons held like swords, and solemnly salute the engine-driver (or perhaps it is the guard). At the frontier a lot of fat, hearty old gentlemen, with jangling swords and wonderful uniforms, come aboard and ask you if you have any cigarettes. It doesn't matter whether you have or not, they don't bother the English tourist. And when you arrive at the Stadtbahn (City Railway Station), Berlin, the lights of Friedrichstrasse wink and glare at you, promising all sorts of merriment and roguery.

There is plenty of merriment and roguery in Berlin.

And now, having burdened you with this long, but, I think, necessary preamble, let me introduce you to the broad, elementary outline of *Die Weltstadt*.

JOHN CHANCELLOR.



HOW TO BE HAPPY IN BERLIN

CHAPTER I

Travelling Hints

BERLIN is really quite easy to get to, though it seems infinitely remote to those who have never been out of England.

Here are some hints which may be of service to travellers :—

First, if you haven't a passport, set about getting one in plenty of time. Application forms have to be signed by a minister of religion, a justice of the peace, a bank-manager, or some other person of traditional respectability, *who is personally acquainted with the applicant*. It is surprising how many people are unable to claim acquaintance with a member of one of the officially respectable professions, and you may have to hunt about.

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It is much better to let a tourist agency get your passport for you. They charge ten and sixpence for it ; if you do the job yourself it costs seven and sixpence, but the amount of time wasted, and the worry and trouble one goes to in finding out what has to be done, are well rid of for half-a-crown. It is also better to buy the railway tickets through a tourist agency. They cost no more, and can be bought in plenty of time.

The economical tourist would do well to buy five shillings worth of Dutch money. The vendors of refreshments to passengers on international trains are entirely without scruple. If you buy an apple from a boy on a railway platform in Holland, he will quote a fair price for it in Dutch currency, knowing full well that you haven't any, and will then demand three or four times as much in German or English money.

German money is very easy to understand. The mark is roughly equivalent to a shilling, and there are one hundred pfennigs to the mark. German notes issued before Nov. 1st, 1923, are not worth the paper they are

printed on, and though it is unusual for anybody to try swindling the tourist with money issued before or during the inflation period, it happens sometimes, so be careful. Don't accept any notes unless they are marked Renten Mark or Reich Mark.

Second class travel to Berlin is good enough for anybody, and third class is not so bad. The chief disadvantage of third class in German trains is that the seats are not upholstered.

The fare from London to Berlin includes a berth on the boat, but not a private berth. You are given a sort of coffin to lie in, side by side with a hundred others in a not too airy saloon. It is good enough if there are not too many people travelling and the weather is fine, but with a crowd and in a storm it can be highly unpleasant. For five shillings a berth can be had in a four-berth cabin, and it is five shillings well spent to get one. Berths can be booked in London, or on the boat, but it is much better to book them in London.

If there are a lot of people travelling, don't

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waste time in finding the purser on the boat. A couple of hundred people will be trying to find him at the same time, and if you are in the rear, you may be wedged in a crowd on a stairway between decks for half an hour, or even longer, with no chance of getting either up or down till the crowd moves.

The purser examines tickets and allots berths.

Keep your passport and your tickets handy in your pocket. *Don't pack them away.* They have to be shown half a dozen times on the route to Berlin.

Fairly elaborate meals are served on the trains that will carry you through England, Holland and Germany, and something to eat can be had on the boat. But food on boats and trains is expensive, and if you want to be economical you will find it better to have dinner before you leave London, and to take breakfast in the buffet at Hoek van Holland. Food and drink can be bought on the station platforms at Rotterdam, Hanover, Osnabrück and other places where the train stops. There is no need to feel self-conscious about eating in

the carriage. In Germany anything can be eaten anywhere with the utmost decorum.

Travel light, and don't have anything put in the guard's van if you can help it. If you have nothing but light luggage, and that in your compartment, you get through the Customs without any trouble at all.

The traveller to Germany has to go through the Custom House at Hoek van Holland, but no examination takes place. Push your bag in front of one of the officials, say "*Nach Berlin,*" show him your ticket, and he'll mark your bag and let you by. At Hoek van Holland passports are examined.

Put a towel and a piece of soap on top of everything else in your bag. Soap and towels are almost unknown on any trains anywhere in Europe.

There are three things which every tourist should take with him on a trip to a foreign country. The first and most important is his favourite remedy for indigestion. Change of air and change of food always upset the stomach, and one's favourite remedies, if they are to be had at all, cost double in foreign countries.

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The second precious article is a needle and thread. When one is staying in a small hotel in a foreign land, surrounded by people who can't speak English, one's buttons fall off one after the other. I don't know why that should be, but I can assure the reader that it is. And while there are brave men who think nothing of dangling a garment in front of a foreign chamber-maid, making stabbing motions with the fingers, and grinning fatuously, there are others who shrink appalled from such a thing. Also, the buttons usually fall off when the chamber-maid isn't there. So don't forget the needle and thread.

The third necessary article is a duster for cleaning shoes. One does a lot of walking in foreign cities, and self-conscious tourists shrink from asking the porter to clean their shoes six times a day.

"One first-class single ticket to . . ."	<i>Eine einfache Fahrkarte erster Klasse nach . . .</i>
"Two second-class return tickets to . . ."	<i>Zwei Retour-billets zweiter Klasse nach . . .</i>
" . . . third class" .	<i>. . . dritter Klasse.</i>
"What is the fare to . . .?"	<i>Welches ist der fahrpreis nach . . . ?</i>

BY AIR AND BY TRAIN.

How long it takes to get from Berlin to other European Cities.

	<i>Air.</i>	<i>Train.</i>
London . . .	8 hours.	21 hours.
Paris . . .	6 $\frac{3}{4}$ "	17 "
Amsterdam . . .	5 "	10 "
Belgrade . . .	8 $\frac{1}{4}$ "	28 "
Brussels . . .	5 $\frac{1}{4}$ "	14 "
Budapest . . .	5 $\frac{3}{4}$ "	20 "
Bucharest . . .	11 $\frac{1}{4}$ "	39 "
Cologne . . .	3 $\frac{3}{4}$ "	8 "
Constantinople . . .	15 $\frac{1}{4}$ "	59 "
Copenhagen . . .	3 $\frac{3}{4}$ "	11 "
Frankfurt am Main . . .	3 $\frac{1}{4}$ "	8 "
Madrid . . .	16 $\frac{3}{4}$ "	48 "
Moscow . . .	13 "	42 "
Munich . . .	4 $\frac{1}{2}$ "	10 "
Oslo . . .	7 $\frac{1}{4}$ "	16 "
Rome . . .	10 $\frac{1}{4}$ "	35 "
Stockholm . . .	6 $\frac{1}{4}$ "	22 "
Vienna . . .	3 $\frac{3}{4}$ "	14 "
Warsaw . . .	4 "	11 "
Zurich . . .	5 $\frac{1}{4}$ "	16 "



CHAPTER II

Where to Stay

WHEN the Englishman goes into the wilderness to plant the Union Jack the German follows him to plant the German hotel.

The hotels of Berlin are the best in Europe. They are so good that there is nothing to be said about them. They fulfil all that is demanded of a good hotel. That is, after all, nothing fabulous—clean, attractive, comfortable rooms, good service, good food, baths. What else? It's simple, but London doesn't seem to be able to do it, and Paris achieves it only at huge expense. But the Berlin hotels are reasonably priced, and you are well looked after from the moment you

get up in the morning till you slip under the zeppelin at night.

The zeppelin, of course, must be explained. It is the one dark spot on the bright excellence of the Berlin hotel. But it's a custom of the country, and the Germans are a rising, energetic people, so it must be good for the health.

The zeppelin takes the place of sheets and blankets. It is an enormous envelope of linen, filled with feathers, which completely covers the bed.

You crawl under it at night like a rat crawling under a carpet. You lie still till your temperature records five degrees of fever ; you turn, and the thing gives a swish and slides on the floor. You try fastening it up with pins, or tying it round the bed with the string of your pyjamas ; but nothing is any good. On hot summer nights foreigners sometimes rise in frenzy and tear it in half.

If you breathe deeply, the thing threatens to sail up to the ceiling. If you breathe lightly, it presses down and drowns you.

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Undoubtedly this is the thing that inspired Count Zeppelin.

Here is a list of Berlin hotels. Ten per cent. is added for service, and no other tipping is necessary. In the big hotels they charge for breakfast whether you have it or not. Otherwise there are no warnings to be given.

HOTELS

NEAR FRIEDRICHSTRASSE AND UNTER DEN LINDEN.

	No. of Rooms.	Single, per day. marks	Double, per day. marks.	Break-fast. marks.	En Pension. marks.
Adlon	450	12-35	36-50	3	From 30
Unter den Linden 1.					

Telegrams : Adlon

Alexander ..	120	4-8	12-15	2	„ 14
Mittelstr. 16.					

Atlas	50	5-8	12-15	1.50	„ 14
Friedrichstr 105					

Bristol	400	11-20	22-32	2.50	—
Unter den Linden 5.					

Telegrams : Brishotel.

Central	500	From 8	From 16	2.50	„ 25
Friedrichstr. 143					

Telegrams : Centhotel.

Continental ..	300	9-15	18-26	2.75	„ 23
Neustädt Kirchstr 6					

Telegrams : Continotel.

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	No. of Rooms.	Single, per day. marks.	Double, per day. marks.	Break- fast. marks.	En Pension. marks.
Dom	90	5-10	10-15	1.50	—
Mittelstr. 9					
Englischer Hof..	60	4-6	6-10	1.30	—
Mittelstr. 10.					
Europaischer Hof	160	5-6	6-15	1.30	—
Dorotheenstr. 69.					
Hohenzollern ..	48	3.50-7	6-10	1.60	—
Behrenstr. 18					
Koburger Hof ..	100	7.50-12	15-20	2.50	—
Georgenstr. 29					
<i>Telegrams</i> : Koburgerhof.					
Magdeburger Hof	100	6-8	11-14	1.80	12-18
Georgenstr. 24.					
<i>Telegrams</i> : Magdeburgerhof.					
Russischer Hof..	200	7.50-10	15-20	2	15-20
Georgenstr. 21.					
<i>Telegrams</i> : Grandrussie.					
Stadt Kiel ..	75	4-9	10-15	1.75	10-15
Mittelstr. 22.					
<i>Telegrams</i> : Hotelgast.					

NEAR POTSDAMERPLATZ.

	No. of Beds.	Single, per day. marks.	Double, per day. marks.	Break- fast. marks.	En Pension. marks.
Askanischer Hof	100	5-8	11-18	1.70	11-25
Königgratzerstr. 21.					
<i>Telegrams</i> : Askanischerhof.					

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	No. of Beds.	Single, per day. marks.	Double, per day. marks.	Break- fast. marks.	En Pension. marks.
Deutscher Kaiser Königgratzerstr. 25.	100	4.50-9	10-16	1.60	From 10

Telegrams : Deutscher Kaiser.

Esplanade Bellevuestr.	.. 400	12-20	25-35	2.50	—
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Telegrams : Esplanadotel.

Excelsior	700	8-20	16-35	2.50	—
Königgratzerstr. 112.					

Telegrams : Excelsiorotel.

Fürstenhof ..	400	10-18	20-30	2	30-40
Potsdamerplatz.					

Telegrams : Fürstenhof.

Minerva	50	4-9	6-15	1.50	12-25
Königgratzerstr. 107.					

Telegrams : Hotel Minerva.

Prinz Albrecht ..	110	6-10	12-20	2.50	20-30
Prinz-Albrechtstr. 9.					

Telegrams : Huntersale.

NEAR LEIPSIGERSTRASSE.

Zum Grünen Baum	160	5-10	6-15	1.70	—
Krausenstr. 56.					

Kaiserhof	300	10-15	20-30	2.50	—
Wilhelmplatz.					

Telegrams : Kaiserhof.

Kraushof ..	75	5-8.50	12-15	1.60	—
Krausentstr. 8.					

Telegrams : Hotel Kraushof.

NEAR ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS.

	No. of Beds	Single, per day. marks	Double, per day. marks.	Break- fast. marks.	En Pension marks.
Astoria am Zoo Hardenbergstr. 15.	60	4-7	6-12	1	8-15
Eden Budapesterstr. 18	160	11-15	20-30	2	—
<i>Telegrams</i> : Edenhôtel.					
Hessler Kantstr. 165.	150	9-15	20-30	2.25	18-30
<i>Telegrams</i> : Hotel Hessler.					
Grand Hotel am					
Knie Bismarkstrasse, 1.	150	6-50-10	12-20	1.80	—
<i>Telegrams</i> : Kniehotel					
Kurfürstenheim Kurfürstenstr. 97.	40	4.50-10	9-15	1.50	—
<i>Telegrams</i> : Weltenheim.					

Did the pension system originate in France or Germany? Wherever it began, it is well-established in Berlin now. Almost everybody lives in a pension.

One of the drawbacks to the city is that it's almost impossible to get small furnished flats. If you want two or three rooms to yourself, you have to go to a pension, and in most cases that means that there will be other people with you in the flat.

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For a stay of a week or two the pension system is good enough, but if continued too long it nettles the Englishman's thirst for privacy. I can't understand why the excellent *garçonniere* system of Paris isn't introduced both to London and Berlin. In Paris there are huge blocks of small furnished flats—bedroom, bathroom, living-room—where bachelors, men and women, can live in privacy without great cost.

However, for those who spend more than a few days in Berlin, a pension is better than an hotel, particularly if expense has to be considered. Berlin is a city of large flats—ten and twelve rooms—, and in almost every street at least a dozen of these flats are pensions.

The German housewife is famed for good solid cooking. If you can eat half a pound of meat twice a day, with lashings of potatoes, cabbage and what-not, you'll enjoy yourself in a Berlin pension. The only thing that troubles a German housewife is that you can't eat the paper bag.

WHERE TO STAY

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PENSIONS

NEAR FRIEDRICHSTRASSE AND UNTER DEN LINDEN

				En
	No. of	Per day	Break-	Pension
	Rooms.	from	fast.	from
		marks.	marks	marks.
Schultz-Vielhaak ..	14	2.75	0.75	6
Französischestr. 21.				
Ludwig	25	2.50	0.75	7
Markgrafenstr. 33.				
Silbernagel	12	2.75	0.75	5
Mauerstr. 3.				

NEAR POTSDAMERPLATZ

Ouvrier	10	3.0	1.25	6
Grossbeerenstr. 94.				
Samson-Himmelstjerna	25	2.50	1.50	6
Königgrätzerstr. 44.				
Rive-Lehmann	10	2.0	1.0	7
Lutzowstr. 66.				
Schmidt	10	2.50	0.50	5
Lutzowstr. 78.				

NEAR ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS

Heimann	5	2.0	1.0	6
Neue Winterfeldstr. 1.				
Von Stosch	10	3.0	1.0	5
Nettelbeckstr. 6.				

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			No. of	Per day	Break-	En
			Rooms.	from	fast.	Pension
				marks.	marks	from
						marks.
Hamburg	7	3.0	0.75	6		
Kleiststr. 27.						
Hoffmann	10	4.0	1.0	10		
Martin Lutherstr. 13.						
Kant am Zoo	10	3.0	1.0	6		
Kantstr. 158.						
Gretsel-Behr	14	3.50	1.0	7		
Kurfürstendamm, 212.						

The doors of houses in Berlin are locked at eight o'clock at night, and though every apartment-house has its porter, opening the door to late-comers is not one of his duties. If you stay at a pension you must insist on being provided with two keys—one for the outer door of the building, and one for the door of the apartment. The key of the outer door is usually about four inches long and proportionately heavy. In the outer door there are two key-holes. To open the door, put the key first into the *bottom* key-hole and turn *twice*, then into the top key-hole and turn once.

Watchmen patrol the streets at night,

wearing leather belts hung with keys, and a lantern and a revolver. If you should be locked out, the watchman will usually open the door if you show him your police papers and give him a mark.

LAUNDRY LIST (*Wäsch-Liste*)
(For plural rule see page 173)

Shirt	.	.	.	<i>Oberhemd.</i>
Collar	.	.	.	<i>Kragen.</i>
Handkerchief	.	.	.	<i>Taschentuch.</i>
Towel	.	.	.	<i>Handtuch.</i>
Undervest	.	.	.	<i>Unterhemd.</i>
Pants	.	.	.	<i>Unterhosen.</i>
Socks	.	.	.	<i>Socken (Pair—Paar).</i>
Pyjamas	.	.	.	<i>Pyjamas.</i>
Blouse	.	.	.	<i>Bluse.</i>
Chemise	.	.	.	<i>Hemd (Frau).</i>
Stockings	.	.	.	<i>Strümpfe.</i>
Nightdress	.	.	.	<i>Nachthemd.</i>
Brassiere	.	.	.	<i>Büstenhalter.</i>

"I want to send some linen to the laundry." "*Ich möchte etwas Weisszeug zur wäsche geben.*"

Laundering is very expensive in Berlin, and the tourist is advised to bring enough clean things to last him over his visit.

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HOTEL TELEGRAPHIC CODE

One room with one bed	<i>Alba.</i>
One room with double-bed . . .	<i>Albaduo.</i>
One room with two beds	<i>Arab.</i>
One room with three beds . . .	<i>Abec.</i>
Two rooms with two beds	<i>Belab.</i>
Two rooms with three beds . . .	<i>Birac.</i>
Three rooms with three beds . .	<i>Ciroc.</i>
Child's bed	<i>Kind.</i>
Private bath	<i>Bat.</i>
Best available room	<i>Best.</i>
Good room	<i>Bon.</i>
Arriving between midnight and 7 a.m.	<i>Gramnatin.</i>
Arriving between 7 a.m. and mid-day	<i>Matin.</i>
Arriving between mid-day and 7 p.m.	<i>Sera.</i>
Arriving between 7 p.m. and mid- night	<i>Gransera.</i>
Staying one night	<i>Pass.</i>
Staying several days	<i>Stop.</i>
Cancel	<i>Cancel.</i>

POLICE REGULATIONS

Every foreigner who comes to Berlin has to be registered with the police. If you stop at an hotel, this will be done for you, but if you stop at a pension, you

will probably have to do it yourself. The procedure is as follows :—

Go to the nearest stationer (" Papierhandlung ") and buy four of the necessary printed forms (" Polizeiliche Anmeldung ") at the cost of five pfennigs. At the top of each form write the date of your arrival in Berlin, the address you've come from, and your address in Berlin. Fill up the columns underneath in the following order : (1) Full name ; (2) Married, single, widow, widower, or divorcee ; (3) Profession ; (4) Day, month, and year of birth ; (5) Place of birth ; (6) Nationality ; (7) Religion ; (8) Ja or Nein, to the question whether or not you have been in Berlin before ; (9) Previous address in Berlin, if " ja " was the answer to (8) ; (9) Name of the person in whose residence you are staying.

When you have struggled through all that—in quadruplicate, don't forget—, the four forms must be signed by your host or the porter of the building, and then you take them, with your passport, to the local police-station (Polizei Revier).

There the fun begins. They will ask you the name of your father, and his profession, when and where he was born, your mother's maiden name, and when and where she was born ; they will also ask you where you have been for the last two years, what you've come to Germany for, and if they're feeling fit that day, they'll ask you the names of all your brothers and sisters as well, and when and where they were born.

The way to smooth the thorny path of official Berlin is to be ignorant of the language. In Paris if you don't

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speaking French you're lost. The Paris *fonctionnaire* shrugs his shoulders, tells you to sit on that seat, and implies that you must keep sitting on it till you have learned the language. It's quite different in Berlin. If you do understand what they're talking about, or if you let them know you understand, you get so horribly entangled in red tape that it is hours before you emerge, pale and sweating. But if you smile politely and shake your head to everything anybody asks you, whether you understand or not, they get fed-up with you in about five minutes, stamp your forms with purple eagles, and send you on your way.

You should always carry your Anmeldung form in your pocket, and if you've got a good-sized pocket, it's as well to carry your passport too. If anybody gets mixed up in a disturbance in Berlin, and he hasn't proof of his identity, he is carted off to gaol.

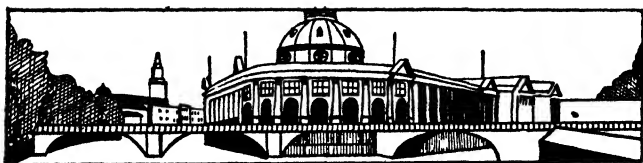
A Berlin police-station is worth seeing. It is usually about the size of Knightsbridge Barracks. Inside are miles of corridors with closed doors. On each door are the names of a certain number of streets in the district, and everybody living in those streets has his dossier on a shelf on the other side of the door.

When you take your Anmeldung forms to the police-station, you must search for the door with the name of your street on it.

After you have registered with the police, you won't hear anything from them for six months—unless, of course, you happen to be a criminal. If you are a criminal, the Polizeipräsidium (Berlin's Scotland Yard), to which one of your Anmeldung forms will have been

forwarded by the local station, will know all about you in rather less than a week.

If you are an ordinary common-or-garden tourist, however, nothing will happen for six months. Then at eight o'clock one morning the police will walk in and tell you, very politely, that it is time you began paying taxes. The foreign tourist pays exactly the same as the Berliner, and nothing at all for the first six months, so no one can grumble.



CHAPTER III

Out and About

WHAT you are likely to notice first in a walk in Berlin is how clean and wide and airy the streets are. Except for Friedrichstrasse—the main business street, and inexplicably narrow—all the important arteries are laid out for six lines of traffic, and in such streets as Tauentzienstrasse, Kurfürstendamm, and Unter den Linden there are wide grass and gravel walks, with trees and park benches, along the centre.

Berlin buildings are tall, massive, solid, with wide frontages and large windows. Some people think the architecture is beautiful. I cannot share that opinion. Here and there

it is very beautiful indeed, but I should never dream of calling Berlin an architecturally beautiful city. Nevertheless its architecture is extremely interesting. New and vigorous ideas stare at one from nearly all the new buildings, and many of the elder ones (few are really old) repay the trouble of looking at them.

One feels that if only the Germans had some of the French temperament joined to the originality and industry of their shining aluminium brains, they would have made Berlin the most enchanting place in Europe. Their architectural ideas are wonderfully modern and arresting, but they are not content to leave things alone. They set up a lovely building of clean, austere cubist angles, as beautiful as a steel bridge and as stimulating as a page of Shaw, and then proceed to ruin it with some horrifying bas-reliefs as bad as the decorations on a Fun City vase.

But it is nearly all interesting. The sort of scenery which film-goers saw in such German films as "The Cabinet of Doctor Caligari" is

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to be seen springing up in reality in many corners of Berlin.

Of the old city there is very little left. A walk from Spittelmarkt to Alexanderplatz, along the river-side, shows about all there is of it. *Am Krogel*, the street with the oldest houses in Berlin, is in this neighbourhood, and hereabouts are two mediæval churches, Nicolaikirche and Klosterkirche.

Although Berlin is colossal, an energetic tourist could walk through most of the interesting parts of it in three or four hours. A good itinerary for such a trip would begin at the Castle, continue through the Lustgarten (cathedral, and most of the museums), along Unter den Linden to the Brandenburger Tor, which is the gate to the Tiergarten, thence to Königsplatz (where stood the huge wooden statue of Hindenburg in which people drove nails in war-time), round the Reichstag, Bismarck statue and Moltke Victory Column, along Siegesallee to the Grosse Stern (Big Star, a cross-roads), on to Charlottenburg and Kurfürstendamm, and back through Tauentzienstrasse, Kleiststrasse,

Nollendorfplatz, Bülowstrasse, Potsdamerstrasse, Potsdamerplatz, Leipzigerstrasse, Wilhelmstrasse, Unter den Linden and Friedrichstrasse. •

Some German is supposed to have said that it would have been a good thing if Siegesallee had been surrendered under the Versailles Treaty. I don't know why. I have found nothing wrong with Siegesallee. On a summer evening, or in winter when the Tiergarten is under snow, the long double line of statues of kings and queens has a very enchanting grandeur and nobility.

The Tiergarten (Animal Garden—though there are no animals except those in the Zoo) is a lovely place, and the tourist who is not energetic enough to follow the long itinerary suggested above would be repaid by a stroll through here from Brandenburger Tor to Kurfürstendamm before the evening's festivities begin.

There are no slum districts in Berlin—at least, none that I have found. There are some very bad neighbourhoods, and amongst these the district around Schlesiſcher

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Bahnhof is as well to keep away from. Here the gangsters fight wholesale battles in the streets, and the toughs of the city have their headquarters. But the architecture of a Berlin working-class neighbourhood must be a revelation to Londoners and Parisians. Streets are as wide and airy, buildings are as large and as solidly built, as those in the centre of the city. The narrow airless slums which hide behind Les Halles in Paris, and in Bermondsey and Limehouse in London, do not seem to exist in Berlin.

After what the tourist has probably read about Berlin and the Berliners, the people in the streets will surprise him. There are more handsome young men to be seen in Berlin streets than in the streets of many other capitals. Even shaven heads and sword-slashed cheeks seem fitting to the inhabitants of this city of to-day and to-morrow. In Wilhelmstrasse and Pariserplatz the monocle shines with the cold dignity of the cares of government.

There is a Parisian chic about the Berlin girl. I am told that this is because anybody

can buy clothes on the instalment system. Therefore every girl has enough money to dress well. The pre-war *Hausfrau* seems almost to have vanished.

Berlin shop-windows are very noticeable. The French beat us in window-dressing, and I'm inclined to think the Germans beat the French. In Tauentzienstrasse and Kurfürstendamm window-displays are works of art. With a few yards of coloured stuff, a wonderfully-made dummy figure, angles here and there, and a cunningly-placed light, the Berlin window-dresser makes you stop and stare.

The big white solid motor-buses (solidity everywhere!), the excellent and essentially practical ideas which show themselves on every side, the control of the traffic by a system of coloured lamps strung across the streets—all are novel and arresting.

The coloured traffic-lamps are in charge of a Robot in a tower in Potsdamerplatz. He presses buttons, and thousands of horsepower starts and stops. On his key-board he plays the symphony of *Die Weltstadt*. No

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conductor of an orchestra ever controlled such harmonies as he. One tries to get a glimpse of him sitting up in his lighthouse. But I suppose he is quite an ordinary little fellow.



CHAPTER IV

Places of Interest

MUSEUMS AND ART COLLECTIONS

Altes und Neues Museum, Museumsinsel. (Sculpture, antiquities, etc.) Closed Mondays. Other week-days and Sundays, 9—3. Wednesday, Thursday and Saturday, 50pf. entrance fee. Other days, free.

Architekturmuseum, Technische Hochschule, Berlinerstrasse, 171. (Museum of Architecture, and Technical School.) Week-days, 10—3. Saturdays, 10—1. Entrance, free.

Kaiser-Friedrich-Museum, Monbijoustrasse. 3. (Fine collection of paintings, principally of the Dutch, German and Italian schools.) Closed Tuesdays; all other week-days and Sundays, 9—3. Monday, Thursday, Friday, 50pf. Other days, free.

Märkisches Museum, Wallstrasse, 52. Closed Saturdays. All other days, 10—3. Entrance, Free.

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Museum für Volkerkunde (I), *Königgrätzerstrasse*, 120. (Museum of Ethnography.) Closed Tuesdays. All other days, 9—3. Wednesday, Thursday, Saturday, 50pf. Other days, free.

Museum für Volkerkunde (II), *Prinz-Albrecht-Strasse*, 7. (Same as above.) Closed Mondays. All other days, 9—3. Wednesday, Thursday, Saturday, 50pf. Other days, free.

Nationalgalerie, Museumsinsel. (With annexe for modern paintings in *Kronprinzenpalais*, adjoining the former palace of the Crown Prince.) Closed Mondays. Other days, 10—3; on week-days in summer, till 6. Tuesday, Wednesday, Saturday, 50pf. Other days, free.

Sammlung für deutsche Volkskunde, Klosterstrasse, 36. (Museum of German History.) Closed Tuesdays. Other days, 9—3. Wednesday, Friday, Saturday, 50pf.

Sammlung alter Musikinstrumente, Fasanenstrasse, 1. (Collection of ancient musical instruments.) Open Tuesday, Thursday, Saturday and Sunday, 11—1. Week-days, 30pf. Sunday, free.

Schlossmuseum, Schlossfreiheit. (Applied Arts.) Daily, 9—3, 50pf.

Zeughaus, Platz am Zeughaus. (War relics and armoury. Sculptured ornamentation by Schluter.) Closed Saturdays. Other days, 9—3. Tuesday, Wednesday, Friday, 50pf.

Aquarium, Budapeststrasse, 9. Open every day, 9—7. Entrance, 1 mark.

Botanischer Garten, Dahlem. (Botanical Garden.) Sundays in summer, from 10—5. Week-days in summer, 8—5. In winter same hours of opening, closed at dusk. Entrance, 25pf.

Museum für Meereskunde, Georgenstrasse, 34. (Museum of Oceanography.) Sundays, 11—3. Monday, Wednesday, Saturday, 10—3. Monday and Saturday, 30pf.

Planetarium, Joachimsthalerstrasse. This is an extraordinarily interesting apparatus. By means of lamps, lenses and intricate machinery, the map of the heavens is reproduced on the interior of a large white dome. One is shown the sky as it is seen at the South and North Poles, as it was when Cleopatra saw it, and as it will be thousands of years hence. No one should miss the Planetarium. Open daily at 4.30, 6, 7.30 and 9 o'clock. Entrance, 1 mark. Wednesdays, 50pf.

Zoo, Budapecsterstrasse. Open daily in summer from 7 till midnight ; in winter from 9 till dusk. Week-days, 1.50mk. ; in summer, 75pf. after 7 o'clock. Sundays, 1 mark.

Preussische Staatsbibliothek, Unter den Linden, 38. (State Library.) Open daily, 9—3 ; reading rooms, 9—9.

FLUGHAFEN, TEMPELHOF

Tempelhof, the busiest air-port in the world, the terminus of more than twenty

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air-lines, is well worth a visit. Even the most sophisticated tourist can get a thrill out of watching the great grey moths coming in from the sky, and lumbering towards the hangars with their freights of mail and passengers—from Paris and London, Moscow and Copenhagen, Rome, Madrid, Constantinople—where you will. They are as regular as trains, and to the Berliners no more remarkable.

The *Flughafen* (air-harbour) is actually within the city, and can be reached by Untergrund from Bahnhof Friedrichstrasse in less than half an hour. There is a really good and inexpensive restaurant on the flying-ground, and a terrace from which one can sit and watch.

LUNA PARK

Halensee

Something between the South Beach at Blackpool and the grounds of the Crystal Palace, with dashes of Coney Island.

Lunapark is at the far end of Kurfürstendamm, and is a great favourite in the summer. Besides a huge open-air swimming pool with artificial waves, there are cafés, restaurants, dance-halls, beautiful gardens, and all the fun of the fair.

FUNKTURM

Kaiserdamm

This is a small edition of the Eiffel Tower, standing beside the huge exhibition halls in Kaiserdamm. *Funkturm* means Spark Tower; but things are not what they seem in the German language, so Spark Tower really means Broadcasting Tower. I don't know why they didn't call it that in the first place: it is these idiosyncrasies that make foreign languages so difficult. But perhaps the reason is that they don't broadcast from the Funkturm (or Broadcasting Tower), but from Potsdamerplatz, about two miles away.

Now that that's quite clear, there is little more to be said about it, except that there's a restaurant half-way up for those who like high food.

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An excellent view of the city is to be obtained from the top—at least, so I'm told.

For those people who like statistics I am pleased to report that the Funkturm is exactly one hundred and thirty-eight meters high, that the number of nuts, bolts or toggles used in its construction reached the enormous total of 1,763,909, and that the little round indentation one meter, thirty centimetres from the ground on the north-western corner is not the seal of the city, but the spot where the foreman leant his elbow before the paint was dry.

It has further been computed that the amount of energy expended by writers of guide-books in searching for useless statistics would, if properly harnessed, develop 18,369,173 foot-pounds, or sufficient to lift the Funkturm twice across the Tiergarten.

GASOMETERS

Don't leave Berlin till you've seen a gasometer. There's a good one in Bayreutherstrasse, near Wittenburgplatz. A Berlin

gasometer seen with the moon behind it is quite a remarkable sight. They are huge round buildings of brick, with tall slender towers rising above them, and dozens of barred windows in tiers. They are evil-looking, sinister-looking things, with no remote suggestion of the spidery fog-begrimed hideousness of the London gas-works.

The first time you see one—particularly if it is at night—you wonder if it is a prison for those condemned of cold and pitiless sins. Or perhaps the palace of the King of Robots. Or the control-tower for all the levers and wheels and switches that make Berlin start and stop. Or the temple of the new spirit of civilization that rushes and shouts through the streets of this metropolis on steel-winged feet. Or a theatre where all the actors are machines, and the audience huge silent men in gleaming dress-shirts. Or a sports palace where men fight with steel boxing-gloves.

If all the barred windows suddenly sprang open, and wild inhuman heads lolled out at you and shrieked, you would not be surprised.

But it's a gasometer.

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OUTSIDE BERLIN

[For information other than that given below, the tourist is referred to the official Information Bureau of the City of Berlin, Unter den Linden, (corner of Friedrichstrasse). English is spoken there.]

Potsdam. (Shortest routes: Train from Potsdamer Bahnhof (30 minutes), or Stadtbahn, Friedrichstrasse (50 minutes), or Bahnhof am Zoo (50 minutes). A more pleasant way of going is by autocar and steamboat, but this takes much longer. Autocars leave from the Information Bureau, Unter den Linden, at 11 o'clock on summer mornings, lunch is served on board the steamer, and the return from Potsdam is at 6 o'clock.)

Potsdam is the Versailles of Germany. It is a town of palaces and royal pleasure-gardens, and is situated amidst charming scenery. The most celebrated of its palaces is Sanssouci, which was built by Frederic the Great, and became his favourite residence. It stands in a magnificent park. The Neue

Palais was the Potsdam residence of Kaiser William II. Other palaces are the Marmor-Palais, Orangerieschloss, Charlottenhof, and Schloss Babelsberg. In the Garrison Church (Garnisonkirche) are the tombs of Frederic the Great and his father, Frederic William I. Apart from its parks and palaces, Potsdam is interesting and picturesque, and the tourist can well spend a day there.

Grunewald. (Autobus "E" from Unter den Linden or Zoo. Tram 76 or 176. Train from Stadtbahn.)

Grunewald (Green Wood) is an immense area of picturesque forest- and lake-land on the western outskirts of Berlin. It is the scene of many of the most important sporting events of the city (see page 140), and is a great place on summer evenings. There are cafés and restaurants amidst the trees, and boating and open-air dancing are kept up in summer till late at night.

Wannsee and Müggelsee, beautiful lakes near Berlin. Very popular in summer. Open-air bathing, restaurants, dancing, etc. Wannsee

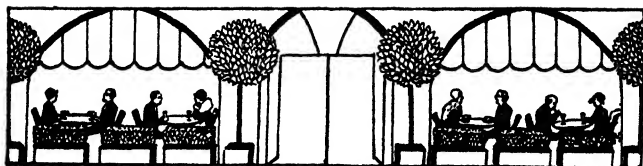
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can be reached from Potsdamer Bahnhof, or Bahnhof am Zoo, or by autobus. For Müggelsee take train from Stadtbahn to Friedrichshagen, or Tram 84 to Freibad.

Werder, near Potsdam. Beautiful scenery. Blossom-covered hills sloping down to the River Havel. There are cafés and restaurants amidst the trees, and on Sundays everybody drinks too much strawberry wine, and rolls down the slopes to the water's edge. For inexpensive merriment in summer Werder is highly recommended. Book from Potsdamer Bahnhof to Werder.

The Spreewald should not be missed by tourists who can afford to give a week-end to it. This is one of the most beautiful and picturesque districts near Berlin. It consists of a stretch of woodland and meadowland, roughly twenty miles long by eight or nine wide, which is criss-crossed by more than two hundred arms of the River Spree. The inhabitants are Wendic Slavs, who have retained their ancient dress, customs, and language to the present day. The rivers are

the only highways in this district, and the inhabitants get about from place to place in curiously-shaped boats. Lübbenau is the best starting-point for a tour of the district. Book to this town from Görlitzer Bahnhof (90 minutes by express train). A third-class week-end ticket costs four marks, ninety pfennigs. The "Spreewald Verkehrsamt" in Lübbenau is always ready to give information and assist tourists.



CHAPTER V

Cafés and Restaurants

CAFÉS

BERLIN has the café-habit, which goes a long way towards making life happily liveable, and is, one imagines, a reason why Continental people seem so cheerful.

Everybody is an eavesdropper in a café. Nobody minds that; undoubtedly it is one of the chief reasons why cafés exist—to talk, and to listen to what other people are talking about. They are the clubs of the metropolis. Primarily, of course, one goes to drink, to listen to the orchestra, to read the newspapers (in any big Berlin café half the newspapers of Europe are at the disposal of the clientele); but one goes also to find out what other people are talking

about, reading, eating, drinking, and looking like.

One half of London doesn't know how the other half lives ; but probably one half of Berlin or Paris has a pretty good idea about the other half. That comes of the café-habit. It is the best expression of democracy I have seen so far. In theatres and football fields, hotels and restaurants, the monied classes are always divided from the others. The rich man has the best seat and the best hotel ; his less fortunate neighbour has to sleep on the top floor and sit in the pit. But everybody is equal in the café. A cup of coffee costs so little that anyone above the starvation line can afford to go in sometimes. Shop-clerk and millionaire may well sit at adjoining tables.

The café is an institution that London could well do with, and if Berlin cafés are not so pleasant (to me, at any rate) as Paris cafés, they are indeed pleasant enough.

The Berlin café usually suffers from gaudiness, but it is always comfortable. In place of the hard-seated chairs and

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disreputable upholstered benches of the Paris cafés, the Berlin cafés provide arm-chairs in vivid greens and reds — not particularly nice to look at, but exceedingly comfortable.

As soon as the weather gets warm, tables are moved out on the pavement, and a white wooden fence is set up round them. I don't know what the fence is for ; it doesn't provide any privacy, and merely makes it more difficult to get in and out.

It is needless to say that in Berlin cafés the music is nearly always good.

In almost all the big cafés there is a ballroom, apart from the café proper, but open to anyone at no extra cost. In these café ballrooms Berlin does most of its dancing.

A cup of coffee in a Berlin café costs anything from one to two marks, and alcoholic drinks, with the exception of those which have to be imported, are not much dearer.

A favourite drink—or rather, mixture of drinks — is a beer and a cognac, sipped,

or gulped, alternately. Cognac, Kirsche, Steinheger, Korn—the last two very fierce and powerful—are the most popular drinks, apart from beer and Rheine wines. They are produced in the country, and are therefore cheap.

Whisky, Benedictine, and all the well-known foreign drinks can be had almost everywhere, but at high prices.

Light meals are provided in all cafés, and many of them specialize in a *Frühstuck*, which is breakfast, but can be eaten, so it seems, till about five o'clock in the afternoon. A one mark *Frühstuck* in a large café is much better value than a two mark *Frühstuck* in an hotel. A roll and butter, a pot of coffee, an egg, and a slice of ham are usually all included in the mark. Cafés specializing in *Frühstucke* always display the price and menu in the window.

Waiters in cafés add the customary ten per cent. to the bill, and though theoretically this is enough, it is the practice to give extra in cafés, bars and night-haunts.

One of the most interesting cafés in the city,

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and the one which is more like a Paris café than any of the others, is Romanisches Café, opposite the Gedächtniskirche in Auguste-Viktoriaplatz, Kurfürstendamm. It gathers its clientele from amongst the artists, poets, writers and musicians of Berlin, and there is always a heavy sprinkling of foreigners.

Café des Westens, where Rupert Brooke wrote "Granchester," is in Kurfürstendamm. But it has changed a good deal since he sat there, just as the militarism and *verboten-ism* he wrote about have changed as well.

It is scarcely necessary to give the names and addresses of other cafés ; the tourist will easily find them for himself. The beauty of the café-habit is that one makes no special journey to one's seat and orchestra ; one just pops in as one goes by.

Here, however, are the names of the leading cafés :

Café Berlin, Hardenbergstrasse.

Europa Café, Königgrätzerstrasse.

Café Königen, Kurfürstendamm.

Café Königen, Unter den Linden.

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Café Josty, Potsdamerplatz.
Café Ruscho, Kurfürstendamm.
Café Schilling, Kurfürstendamm.
Café Schön, Unter den Linden.
Café Viktoria, Unter den Linden.
Café Wein, Kurfürstendamm.
Café am Zoo, Hardenbergstrasse.

A coffee and Cognac, please	<i>Ein Kaffee mit Cognac, bitte.</i>
A black coffee	<i>Ein schwartzen Kaffee.</i>
With milk	<i>Mit Milch.</i>
Some sugar	<i>Etwas Zucker.</i>
A light beer.	<i>Ein Helles.</i>
A dark beer.	<i>Ein Dunkel.</i>
A cake	<i>Ein Kuche.</i>
A liqueur	<i>Ein Likör.</i>
I want to pay	<i>Ich möchte zahlen.</i>

RESTAURANTS

The Berliner is about the hungriest man in Europe. He never seems to get enough to eat, in spite of the fact that the portions

given in German restaurants are often twice the size of those we are accustomed to in restaurants at home.

The English belief that the German lives almost exclusively on sausage and *sauerkraut* is as fallacious as the equally deep-rooted German belief that the Englishman lives entirely on roast beef. The truth of the matter is that the German menu is much more varied and extensive than ours.

Berlin restaurants are good, cheap, and plentiful ; and I suppose it is unnecessary to remark that they are better than London restaurants. London must be the worst served capital in the world so far as restaurants are concerned.

There are a few things on a Berlin menu which are likely to startle the Englishman. The most important of these is the *Eisbein*—pig's knuckle—a favourite German dish. These things cost anything from seventy-five pfennigs upwards, according to size and locality, and weigh between eight ounces and three pounds. Some of them are about the size of hams ; but the Berliner tackles one

after a plate of soup, and with every intention of passing on to sweets, fruit and cheese afterwards.

A *Kalbshaxe*, or knuckle of veal, is about the same size, and therefore enjoys the same popularity.

Then there is *Beef à la Tartar*—raw minced beef mixed with hard-boiled egg. A plate of this can be taken at any time of the day or night as a snack, and is a favourite with theatre-goers. (See page 90.)

Hochoerpater is the same idea, but carried out in pork—raw chopped pork, mixed with onions.

Dried eels (Aal), which look like mahogany rulers when they are laid out in rows on the counters, are eaten as *hors - d'œuvre*, or *Vorspeisen*. Other popular *Vorspeisen* are *Bismarckhering* (salt herring), and *Brathering* (fried herring soured in vinegar). All the usual *hors - d'œuvre* are also eaten in Berlin.

Apart from the above particularized dishes, and about a hundred different kinds of sausage (*Wurste*), which have to be tasted

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to be understood, the Berlin menu, except for its extensiveness, is much the same as a menu anywhere. Different restaurants give their dishes fancy names, but it would be quite impossible to translate all these. If the tourist sees something interesting but unknown written on the menu, the best thing he can do is to point to it and ask, "*Was ist Dass?*" If in the waiter's answer he recognizes one of the words, "*Schweinefleisch, Hammelfleisch, Kalbsfleisch, Rindfleisch,*" etc. (see page 182), he will know what to expect. Almost any sort of a stew is called a *Goulasch*. There is also "Irish Stew," which is usually pronounced "Eresh Stev." How that country suffers!

Schweinebraten (roast pork) and *Gansebraten* (roast goose), hot or cold, seem to be the favourite German dishes. Pork is served in slices about a quarter of an inch thick, and no self-respecting Berlin restaurant would dish up a portion of goose smaller than enough to feed at least two hungry Englishmen.

Sauerkraut (pickled cabbage) is eaten with almost any roast or entrée.

Beer is drunk with most meals, the ordinary light beer (*Helles*), or *Pilsener* or *Münchener*, which are more expensive. In a moderately priced restaurant a large *Helles* costs about twenty pfennigs.

In winter there is a *Bockbierfest*, when a powerful sort of beer for the cold weather is served in large bell-like glasses.

Rheine and other German wines are on sale everywhere. They are good and cheap, a bottle costing from one mark fifty up. The best of recent vintage years was 1921, and wines of that date cost about six marks a bottle. Amongst the better-known German wines are *Moselle*, *Niersteiner*, *Hochheimer Rüdesheimer* and *Liebfraumilch*.

Waiters in restaurants or cafés are addressed as "*Ober*" or "*Herr Ober*," short for "*Herr Oberkellner*" or "Mr. Head Waiter." This harmless form of flattery is found everywhere in Berlin. I don't know what a real head waiter is called, but it is probably "*Herr Oberdirektor*," and the manager of a restaurant is probably "*Herr Obergeneraldirektor*," and I dare say the proprietor is called "God."

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Ten per cent. is added to the bill everywhere, and in ordinary restaurants you needn't give any more unless you feel like it.

Before the war the leading Berlin restaurant was Borchert, in Französischestrasse. This was where the Kaiser used to go. It is still very chic and exclusive, but nowadays it has been supplanted by Horcher, in Lutherstrasse.

Horcher's is not a particularly large restaurant—there is only room for eighty diners—but it is conducted on lines somewhat similar to those of Mr. Arnold Bennett's "Grand Babylon Hotel." There are no prices on the menu. You order what you want, and learn what it costs when you go out. If you go out without paying, nothing whatever happens. Horcher's finds out who you are and where you live, and the bill turns up by post. You can order anything, and it will be given you. It is not known if anybody has ever asked for Shark Fins, but no doubt if anybody did, Horcher, father and son (who work amongst the waiters, though they must be worth millions) would

comb Berlin for the necessary commodities before admitting defeat.

The clientele consists of ambassadors, native and foreign diplomats, the more famous actors, actresses, artists and writers of Berlin, and all sorts of millionaires and society people. Hugo Stinnes was a frequent client. Somebody is reputed to have run through a fortune of a million marks at Horcher's, giving dinner-parties every night at an average cost of fifty pounds a time.

The third important restaurant in Berlin is Hessler, which has two establishments, one in Unter den Linden, and the other in Hardenbergstrasse, near the Zoo.

However, the tourist is likely to be more interested in the less expensive restaurants.

All the brewery restaurants are good and fairly inexpensive. Therefore it is safe to enter any restaurant which has the words "*Bräu*" or "*Hofbräu*" incorporated in its name.

The best cheap restaurant I know in Berlin is the Baltikum, Russo-German Restaurant, in

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Augsburgerstrasse (No. 13), near Wittenbergplatz. Good food, well cooked, and plenty of it, can be enjoyed here to the strains of Russian music, at the cost of about one mark fifty per head.

Here is a list of Berlin restaurants in different districts, with approximate prices noted. These prices, however, do not include the ten per cent., or beer, wine, or coffee.

RESTAURANTS

NEAR FRIEDRICHSTRASSE AND UNTER DEN LINDEN

Bahnhofswirtschaft, Bahnhof Friedrichstrasse (2 mks.)
Excellent for the money.

Borchert, Französischestrasse. (15 mks.)

Cramer-Mitscher, Französischerstrasse, 18. (15 mks.)

"*Zum Schwarzen Ferkel*," Dorotheenstrasse, 31.
(10 mks.)

H. Haussmann, Jägerstrasse, 5. (10 mks.)

Hessler, Unter den Linden. (20 mks.)

Hiller, Unter den Linden, 62. (15 mks.)

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- Kannenberg*, Dorotheenstrasse, 70. (10 mks.)
Kroll's Restaurant, Platz der Republik. (5 mks.)
Peltzer-Grill, Neue Wilhelmstrasse, 5. (15 mks.)
" *Prälatenstübl*," Friedrichstrasse, 162. (1.50 mks.)
Pschorr-Haus, Friedrichstrasse, 165. (4 mks.)
Bierhaus Siechen, Behrenstrasse, 24. (4 mks.)
Spatenbräu, Friedrichstrasse, 172. (2 mks.)
Fritz Toepfer, Dorotheenstrasse, 66. (6 mks.)

NEAR POTSDAMERPLATZ

- Café am Tiergarten*, Bellevuestrasse, 11. (5 mks.)
" *Grosser Kurfürst*," Potsdamerstrasse, 124. (5 mks.)
Habsburger Hof, Askanischerplatz, 1. (5 mks.)
C. Huth & Sohn, Potsdamerstrasse, 139. (10 mks.)
" *Münchener Hofbräu*," Europahaus, Königgrätzerstrasse. (4 mks.) Excellent.
Pschorr-Haus, Potsdamerplatz, 31. (4 mks.)
Berliner Ratskeller, Rathaus, Königstrasse. (3 mks.)
Weinhaus Kempinski, Leipzigerstrasse, 25. (6 mks.)

NEAR ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS, WITTENBERGPLATZ, ETC.

- Horcher*, Lutherstrasse. (20 mks.)
Hessler, Hardenbergstrasse. (20 mks.)
" *Zum Austernmeyer*," Rankstrasse, 30. (10 mks.)

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Weinhaus Kempinski, Kurfürstendamm, 27. (5 mks.)

Pilsener Urquell, Kurfürstendamm, 23. (4 mks.)

Pschorr-Haus, Tauentzienstrasse, 13. (4 mks.)

Foerster, Motzstrasse. (3 mks.) Russian cooking.

Türke-Glusing, Fasanenstrasse, 76. (10 mks.)

Kleine Scala, Lutherstrasse. (1—2.50 mks.)

Baltikum, Augsburgerstrasse, 13. (1.30—2.50 mks.)

Russian cooking.



CHAPTER VI

Theatres

FOR the most part the Berliner takes his theatre seriously. It has not yet descended to the rank of circus and cinema. Circus and cinema are there for those who want them, but the theatre is regarded as being for another stratum of the mind. It is aloof, it is art, it is divine.

Hence Shakespeare and Shaw are always being played somewhere in the city. Hence Max Reinhardt, known in England mainly for his production of "The Miracle," which was taken to Olympia, in London, before the war, and who is, with the possible exception of Stanislavsky, of the Moscow Art Theatre, the greatest entrepreneur in Europe, if not

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in the world, receives the homage of a king. When this little man with the wild hair and sad eyes gets angry with the capital and threatens to go to Munich or Vienna, Berlin is hysterical with horror.

But perhaps the most significant indication of the Berliner's dramatic taste is that there are only two important music-halls in the capital—Scala and Wintergarten—and usually not more than two revues.

One of the saddest aspects of the world's mixture of tongues is that the tourist cannot get the best out of foreign theatres—unless, of course, he is a linguistic genius. But we English are neither linguists nor theatre-goers, and to most of us the art of the theatre as it is understood on the Continent is entirely unknown. A row of chorus girls and inaccurate glimpses of the underworld of New York more or less complete our knowledge in this direction.

The English tourist who visits Berlin without knowing the language is unlikely to enjoy the German legitimate drama. But there is still a good deal left for him. There

is first and foremost the opera ; then there are always half a dozen musical comedies and operettes ; and—what he will be most interested in—two revues.

The more important of the last is the Haller Revue. Haller has been producing revues at the Admiralspalast, in the Friedrichstrasse, for years and years, and though at the time of writing this theatre is closed for alterations, there is every indication that it will be open again before this book is published.

If one has a taste for revue one can enjoy a good one in no matter what language it is played, and the Haller Revue, alike with the revues put on in Paris, always has some English or American performers in the cast.

And, of course, the Girls — the Tiller Girls.

In every part of the Continent where there are music-halls and revues there one finds the girls. "Les Girls," "Die Girls," no matter what language they are discussed in, are as well known across the Channel and the North

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Sea as Mr. Lloyd George, and are much more popular.

That is something no other nation can beat us at—the training of dancing troupes. Chalk and cheese are no more different than a troupe of English dancing girls and a troupe of foreigners. The late John Tiller probably did more to keep up our flagging popularity on the Continent than any statesman has ever done. Everybody loves the Girls . . . “And they’re English!” the foreigner exclaims, amazed through his glow of delight. “Well, well, it seems there’s something very charming about these English after all.” Germans hoarse with hatred of the Versailles Treaty, Frenchmen furious at whatever iniquity we happen to be guilty of at the moment, leave the revues and music-halls like lambs after they have seen the Girls, and for a few minutes, at any rate, dwell on Perfidious Albion with the love of a brother.

That is probably all imagination, but the huge applause which the Girls receive in Continental theatres makes one think such

things, and whether they're correct or not, let us think them.

It has been said elsewhere that the wholesale nudity of Paris is not duplicated in Berlin. In a Paris music-hall it is impossible to escape feminine nudity. It is hurled at one in lots of five hundred on a dozen different stages. Every Paris revue is called "Paris Undressed," or "Montmartre Quite Nude," or something like that. "Five hundred lovely girls!" shrieks the Parisian entrepreneur from the hoardings. "Three costumes!!!" With what gusto they go about it! They understand feminine nudity as we understand horse-racing. They can do anything with it, and they do.

But the Berliner can't get the Parisian's pagan fervour into the thing. He undresses his chorus girls for our delight, but he can't make their nudity an integral part of the show. Some literary critic has said that to cut a word out of a Maupassant short story would be to amputate a limb. To dress one chorus girl in certain scenes of certain Paris revues would be to amputate the legs

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the scene stands up on. On the Parisian stage nudity is blended with the music and the scenery as alcohol is blended with perfume. It has simply got to be there.

“*Tausend Nakte Frauen!*” shrieks the Berlin entrepreneur from his posters, and one feels that he gives a fat wink as he does it. One feels that he undresses his chorus girls merely because he knows full well that his audience cannot see such things on the native heath and is willing to pay high prices to see them in the capital. Most probably the Paris entrepreneur has exactly the same material motive, but he manages to conceal it. Through his works he conveys the impression that in his wanderings about Olympus the gods have informed him that in this certain scene he must have two hundred naked girls, as well as the scenery and other props., and struck by this blinding truth, he has flown down to earth and done it.

“*Tausend Nakte Frauen,*” says the Berliner, and hurls them on the stage—not a thousand, by any means, but a bewildering quantity. And one has an idea—it may be

wrong, of course—that the poor fellow is just as bewildered about it as we are. He has been to Paris and observed that they do it there, and returning with the conviction that there must be something in it, he has hired a selection of the available nudity in all shapes and sizes, and trotted it on.

These girls wear nothing above the waist ; indeed, a few ostrich feathers, or something similar, suspended from the girdle usually completes the *ensemble*. What do they do ? Well, nothing in particular. They parade about and look pretty, with the exception, of course, of the very fat ones, who merely parade about.

Now and then they are tied on to pieces of scenery to represent something or other, or act as supernumeraries in paganistic orgies, reproduced from historical tradition on very doubtful authority. Now and then they are more or less realistically drowned in pools. I am told, but I haven't seen it for myself, that sometimes they discard all feathers and all discretion, and the stage thereupon takes on the appearance of a rather overcrowded

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Garden of Eden, except, of course, for such anomalies as will immediately occur to the reader.

These extraordinary things are to be seen to a certain extent in the Haller Revue, but the real temple of nudity in Berlin is the Komische Oper, in the Friedrichstrasse, which is presided over by the genius who thought of the title "*Tausend Nakte Frauen*" and others just as good.

Vague, lonely scraps of nudity float about from place to place on other Berlin stages, but their habitat cannot be indicated with certainty. Once when I was in a cinema—the Atrium, to be exact—a half-clad girl was suddenly produced.

Of course, feminine nudity goes down well in Berlin—it goes down well anywhere. All the country cousins stop eating, and stare at it goggle-eyed, and tourists from Memphis, Tenn., and Worthing, Sx., clutch their seats and fight for the opera-glasses. No doubt, if the city fulfils its promise of becoming a huge tourist centre, it will build a score of homes for the lonely nude, as Paris has done already.

But quite apart from the nudity—which is an importation from Paris, and at present unnatural to Berlin—the revues, and particularly the musical comedies and operettes, are more than worthy of the tourist's whole-hearted attention. The scenery, the costumes, and the production are usually magnificent—better, I think, than in Paris. German thoroughness, ingenuity, and feeling for rhythm and colour find a natural medium in the theatre. And it goes without saying that the music is excellent.

The *filles de joie* who choke up the promenades of Paris music-halls go in for other hunting-grounds in Berlin, and except for what takes place on the stage, a Berlin theatre playing revue is entirely proper. Indeed, between the acts everybody in the audience is so much taken up with eating that a *fille de joie* would be unlikely to get any attention at all.

The two music-halls, Scala and Wintergarten (there is now a third, Plaza, but it is in the Schlesischer Bahnhof neighbourhood, which the tourist would do well to keep away

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from), give the same sort of shows as the Palladium and Coliseum in London.

The Berliner is fond of strong men, wire-walkers, and trapeze artists, and there is always one such act, and often more, in these two music-halls.

The programme in Berlin music-halls and cabarets is not changed weekly, but monthly ; therefore the tourist who intends to see everything would be advised to plan his arrival for one of the last days of a month. He will then be able to visit the variety houses twice.

What astonishes the Englishman in a Berlin theatre is the amount of food consumed between the acts, and, on Sundays, during the performance. Berlin theatres go in for large foyers and wide corridors, and before the curtain goes up long tables with white cloths are set out here, and loaded down with sustenance for the audience.

The hungry Berlin theatre-goer scarcely waits to show his ticket before he takes a snack. A couple of sausages and a helping of potato salad on a cardboard plate keep

his corpuscles in trim long enough to enable him to give up his coat and hat and find his seat. Then he dashes back for a glass of beer, a ham sandwich and a slice of cake.

Faint for lack of food, he struggles through the first act, and at the interval joins in the hysterical riot that takes place round the food supplies. Ham, slices of pork and beef, sausages, salads, cakes, rolls and butter, biscuits and fruit, beer and coffee keep things going till the next interval. Then two or three hard-boiled eggs, a plate of *sauerkraut*, half a chicken, and a couple more beers bolster up the courage for the last act.

As he leaves the theatre, the Berliner lingers before the tragedy of the empty tables. Then, with a groan, he tightens his belt, and staggers home to supper. If there is a café on the way, his life is saved. Otherwise he is found dead of malnutrition in the gutter.

The Sunday audiences bring their food supplies into the auditorium. Huge parcels of sandwiches, hard-boiled eggs, cakes, rolls and butter and fruit, are piled on the knees

of the people in the cheaper seats, and the performance takes place to the merry cracking of egg-shells and the munch of hungry jaws. At the interval there is a rush for the beer-taps.

In the Wintergarten there is a terrace with tables as in a restaurant, and that is probably one of the reasons for the huge popularity of that music-hall. The performance can be enjoyed without any hindrance to the serious business of eating. Chops, steaks, helpings of goose, plates of raw meat, anything in reason, can be had there.

The same famished multitude is to be found in the cinemas. In all the larger ones there are some tables set out for a full course meal. In the smaller ones there is a huge bar. Everywhere in Berlin one is sure of getting something to eat. At three o'clock in the morning purveyors of hot sausages are still patrolling the streets on their errand of mercy.

Following is a list of Berlin theatres. The prices of admission range between one and fifteen marks, and for eight or ten marks

one is sure of a good seat. Here are the names of the different places in the house and the approximate prices :

		Mks. per seat.
Box	<i>Loge</i>	About 15
Orchestra Stall	<i>Orchester Sessel</i>	10-15
Balcony	<i>Rang</i>	8-12
Pit	<i>Parkett</i>	3-6
Between Pit and Orchestra Stalls	<i>Sperrsitz</i>	6-10
Gallery (standing only)	<i>Gallerie</i>	1-2
Row	<i>Reihe</i> .	

OPERA HOUSES

Staatsoper, Kaiser-Franz-Joseph-Platz, Unter den Linden. (State Opera.)

Staatsoper am Platz der Republik, Platz der Republik.
(Formerly Kroll's Opera.)

Städtische Oper, Bismarckstrasse. (Municipal Opera)

DRAMA AND COMEDY

Deutsches Theater und Kammerspiele, Schumannstrasse, 13.

Die Komödie, Kurfürstendamm, 206.

Kleines Theater, Unter den Linden, 44.

Komödienhaus, Schiffbauerdamm, 25.

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Lessing Theater, Friedrich-Karl-Ufer, 1.

Lustspielhaus, Friedrichstrasse, 236.

Renaissance Theater, Hardenbergstrasse, 6.

Residenz Theater, Blumenstrasse, 9.

Staatliches Schauspielhaus, Am Gensdarmenmarkt.

Staatliches Schiller Theater, Grolmannstrasse, 70.

Thalia Theater, Dresdnerstrasse, 72.

Theater am Bülowplatz, Bülowplatz, 2.

Theater am Schiffbauerdamm, Schiffbauerdamm, 4a.

Theater am Nollendorfplatz, Nollendorfplatz, 5.

Theater "Die Tribune," Berlinerstrasse, 37.

Theater in der Klosterstrasse, Klosterstrasse, 43.

Theater in der Kommandantenstrasse, Kommandantenstrasse, 57.

Theater in der Königgrätzerstrasse, Königgrätzerstrasse, 57.

Trianon Theater, Georgenstrasse, 9.

CINEMAS

German films are the best in the world. There is art in them, there are ideas in them, there is life in them. Even the bad ones give you something to think about. The American film, like the English newspaper, has deprived us of that right.

Consider for a moment such films as "Vaudeville," "The Street," "The Cabinet of Doctor Caligari," "Berlin"; and such German film-actors as Emil Jannings and Werner Krauss, and such producers as Pabst and Lubitsch.

When German acting and producing genius are allied with American money and American technique, the result is superb, as witness "The Patriot."

At the present time the weakness in German films is almost entirely in technique and continuity. They are apt to get the story mixed up, or start three or four stories and not end any of them, and occasionally to go wild. But there are always art, thought, and life in a German film.

What I am afraid of is that as the Germans improve in technique they will lose in art, as the Americans have done. Or is the technically-perfect film that is completely devoid of art merely a product of the transitory period that comes before the ultimate perfection? Let's hope so.

There are some splendid picture-palaces in

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Berlin, most of the good ones being in the Kurfürstendamm neighbourhood. The price of admission is anything from one to six marks, and for two marks, fifty pfennigs one usually gets a good seat. Names, addresses, and current programmes will be found in all the newspapers.

In some Berlin cinemas—notable amongst them being the Universum—the price of admission includes a couple of really good music-hall turns, as well as a full programme.

For those who want to get their money's worth, I recommend the Atrium, Berlinerstrasse. It is a huge hall, with interesting if unlikeable decorations, and for one mark fifty pfennigs on a week-night you not only get a full programme of films and music, but half a revue as well, with dancing girls thrown in.

The Kamera, Unter den Linden, is an interesting little place, where they show old films that deserve re-showing. For one mark in the afternoon you get a good seat and a cup of tea.

Opposite the Gloria Palast, Kurfür-

stendamm, itself a magnificent cinema, is a smaller place, Marmorsalle, worth visiting for its interior decorations.

CONCERTS

It would be entirely presumptuous to say anything about German music. If the reader is so unfortunate as to be unacquainted with it, he had better come to Berlin immediately and repair the omission.

Besides the three opera houses noted in the section on Theatres, Berlin has a host of concert halls, and during the concert season, which lasts from September to May, there is a feast of wonders for the music-lover.

The Beethoven Saal, Bechstein Saal, Bach Saal, Klindworth-Scharwenka Saal, Philharmonie, and Meister Saal are amongst the most important of the concert halls. Prices of admission range between two marks, fifty pfennigs and twenty marks. The reader should consult the Berlin newspapers for current programmes and information.



CHAPTER VII

Night-life

BERLIN'S night-life crawls and twinkles, laughs and shrieks, up and down Friedrichstrasse and Kurfürstendamm. These two thoroughfares are a couple of miles apart, and the quality of their night-life is in the same ratio. In Friedrichstrasse it is flashy, sordid, unwholesome. There is a smack of Boulevard Montmartre about it. But the night-life of Kurfürstendamm can be compared with that of the Champs Élysees.

Round about Friedrichstrasse are dark, dank establishments, conducted in semi-secrecy, and ignored—very properly—by the official programmes of Berlin amusements. There—for those who want them—are all

sorts of horrid things, too vulgar to be called immoral, and merely bestial and revolting. There is even a museum of anatomy amongst the amusements: one shudders even to pass it. These establishments are not much favoured by the Berliner. They are supported mainly by the involuntary contributions of goggle-eyed German farmers up to the city for the week-end, and, of course, by that god-send to the night-life of Europe, the English or American tourist.

One hopes that the tourists who read this book will keep away from these places, or, if they must visit them, will do so only to satisfy curiosity. There is a mild description of a couple of them in the "Places Not Everybody Knows" section.

The inquiring tourist should remember that vice costs money, even to look at, and that a tour of the dens in and about Friedrichstrasse can account for a small fortune if one is a novice at the game. It always costs more if one employs a "guide" to save one's money. In any city anywhere the "guide," unless he is an employee of some

reputable tourist agency or official organization, is best left alone.

But that is enough of Friedrichstrasse. . .

Kurfürstendamm at night is a bright canyon of coloured lights, with a swift stream of taxis rushing by between the trees. Here and hereabouts are most of the leading cabarets, dance-halls, cafés, cinemas, shops. There is no street either in London or Paris quite like Kurfürstendamm, and Americans tell me that it reminds them of Broadway, New York.

The night-life of Paris and that of Berlin are worlds apart. Berlin's night-life is noisier, more youthful, cheaper, and — except for occasional fungi—a good deal healthier.

Many Paris cabarets are . . . well, you know. Probably that is true of many Berlin cabarets as well—or, for that matter, of any cabarets anywhere—but in the Berlin cabarets you feel that that is merely incidental; in Paris it is the cabaret's sole reason for existence.

The Berliner takes his pleasures loudly and joyfully, and with plenty of beer. The

Berliner goes out to enjoy himself like a scampering young horse ; the Parisian, like a sleek purring cat. Though I love Paris, though a natural delicacy puts me more in sympathy with the orchidaceous sensuality of the French than the rampageous high spirits of the Germans, I must say that amongst these things there is a certain virtue in getting honestly drunk on honest beer or honest wine, and shouting sentimental songs about Rhenish maidens.

Even in its night-life Berlin is the city of youth. The German enjoys himself as we English would enjoy ourselves if only we knew how.

And how happy they are with it ! A night in a beer-garden, or a café like Vaterland, amongst these good, hard-working bourgeoisie folk, merry fat men and merry fat women (what is merrier than a merry fat woman ?), and young men and maidens terribly in love, and whole families at tables, is a tonic for heart and soul.

That is what Berlin is, unlike any other city that I know—a tonic for heart and soul,

a dynamo of healthy energy, that makes you want to get up in the morning and do great things, and go out at night and shout yourself hoarse ; and makes you tell yourself that Mr. Freud's theories about inferiority complexes don't apply to you, anyhow.

A little coarse and vulgar, if you like ; but so was England in the Elizabethan age, and isn't there a good deal too much refinement in the world ?

At the great risk of being called unpatriotic and pro-German (when really all that is the matter with me is that I seek the truth in all nations, and if possible the best in them), I say now that it is a flash of prophetic vision, and no cheap publicity slogan, that has made the Berliners call their city "*Die Weltstadt*" (The World City). She is the coming metropolis of Europe. Unless some disaster overtakes her, she cannot but achieve that destiny. Not only is she young in spirit, she is young in body. Compared with London or Paris, she was made yesterday. She has no long unbroken history to tie her down to the

traditions of another age. She is the only city in Europe that is moving with the times, and she is gathering new knowledge, new art, new ideas to herself with the divine greed of genius.

But this chapter is the introduction to Berlin night-life.

It will be found particularized in the pages which follow. I have not made any attempt to describe every cabaret, every café, every dance-hall. What would be the use? All cafés, all cabarets, all dance-halls are, except in minor details, like all other cafés, cabarets and dance-halls. They are not in themselves sources of pleasure. They merely help us to light the little ecstasies of pleasure that dwell within us. And if I told you about everything in Berlin, you would be robbed of that chiefest joy of the tourist—the finding things out for yourself, the going home to tell your friends that you know more than these guide-book fellows do, anyhow.

One last word—everything legitimate in

Berlin shuts up at three o'clock in the morning.

CABARETS

We don't know a great deal about cabarets in England, so a short description won't be out of place.

A cabaret is any sort of hall, room, or cellar, large or small, well-decorated or not, brightly-lit or dim, moral or immoral, expensive or cheap, in which people congregate to amuse themselves with wine, women, and song.

There is always a spot of floor for dancing on, the spot being as a rule as small as can be arranged without making it necessary to hang a signboard above it, marked "Dancing Floor." Every inch that the proprietor concedes to the dancing floor means an inch taken away from the table-space, and table-space is made of gold.

People sit at tables in cabarets, drink good or bad wine or beer (usually at incredibly high prices), dance a good deal, flirt a good deal,

and watch a reduced music-hall programme, consisting of singers, dancers, and comedians.

One thing must be said for Berlin cabarets—so far as the programme of entertainers goes, they give good value. A Paris cabaret provides two or three, at the most four, different performances; the Berlin cabarets go in for anything from six to twenty-five.

Most of the performers in the better class cabarets of Berlin—or anywhere, for that matter—are Americans. Songs about old rivers, old mothers, cutey sweeties, and various rhymable states, towns and villages, to which the singer evinces a desire to return for all time, are rendered in the tongue that Shakespeare never even dreamt of. One sits and listens, and wonders how long it will be before a sort of pidgin-American becomes the international language.*

But the chief attraction of Continental cabarets for the carefree English or American

* It is interesting to note that a great deal of American slang is nothing more than a transplantation of pure German. Examples: "Fresh." Origin, *Frech* (saucy). "Dumb." Origin, *Dumm* (stupid).

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tourist is the gay young maidens to whom the breath of life is that expelled from a champagne bottle when the cork flies out. (They get commission on the corks.)

A Continental cabaret without dozens of lovely girls is inconceivable. And the tourist must not nurse the idea (if the previous pages of this book have not already deprived him of it) that the German girl is a fat, stolid, and stupid wench. She is nothing of the sort. Berlin girls are fine girls, whether you meet them in cabarets or anywhere else. And cabaret-girls of all nationalities are distinguished for a talent for friendliness scarcely exceeded by an insurance company's tout.

In some Berlin cabarets the girls are not allowed to enter the cabaret proper unless they are accompanied by a male client. Therefore they sit about in the bar, and wait eagerly for someone to take them through the magic door that leads to the lights and the champagne. A great many of them are well worth accommodating in that respect, because (as the tourist will learn from

experience) they have trained themselves so assiduously to be charming that they are a much greater success at it than the millions of women who expect that gift to be donated by a Heaven already much too occupied with weightier matters.

Apart from any ulterior motives, it is well worth buying a pretty cabaret-girl a bottle of champagne. She will flatter you, she will make you feel important, she will make you forget your bald spot, your bandy legs, and spectacles, and if at the end of the evening you kiss her good-night in the foyer and give her twenty marks, you feel that you're doing something very noble and generous, and that she fully appreciates it.

Some cabaret-girls (not the well-trained ones) are frightfully mercenary, and expect to be paid a fixed rate for every dance they have with you. That is too much like flattering one's self-esteem at so many marks per degree of flattery.

A point which may surprise the tourist is that a girl who earns her living by making herself charming to the patrons of a cabaret

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is not necessarily willing to become the temporary mistress of anybody sufficiently well-endowed to indulge in such amusements. The fidelity of cabaret-girls to their lovers is what makes waiters look so sad—the waiters being the lovers.

I have noticed that no city has one cabaret ; either it has no cabaret, or it has several cabarets. That must be because the proprietors realize that a return to a cabaret is as disillusioning as a return to last year's sweetheart, the essence of happiness being its brevity.

The cabarets of Berlin can be divided roughly into two classes—The Family Cabarets, and The Cabarets Which the Family Ought to be Kept Well Away From.

Curiously enough, it is the Family Cabarets which usually cost the more money, but the others can cost a fortune if one doesn't keep one's eyes open.

The Family Cabaret is a glittering and expensive affair, serving the choicest foods and wines, providing the best entertainers, and the prettiest, most dignified, most

mercenary, and most ravishingly-garbed maidens as dancing-partners.

It is to the Family Cabarets that the American millionaire takes his wife and daughters, and foots a bill for three or four hundred marks. Ambassadors, rich business men, and famous people of all kinds are its patrons.

Of this type of cabaret is

CASANOVA

Lutherstrasse

It advertises that it is the finest cabaret in Europe. I don't know whether it is or not, as I have not seen all the cabarets in Europe, but it is undoubtedly the finest cabaret in Berlin. It is gay, spacious, comfortable, and beautifully decorated. Its band and dancing floor are excellent ; its entertainers the best procurable. (Such famous music-hall stars as Hal Sherman have given performances there.) It provides the choicest foods and drinks, and any sort of a night inside it costs about fifty marks.

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However, in Casanova—alike with all cabarets in Berlin—one can take a drink at the bar for four or five marks, and see what is going on.

For the wary tourist that is the best way of approaching the Berlin cabarets—take a drink at the bars of half a dozen before you commit yourself to a table and a bottle of champagne. You may find that you like the next one better.

Another cabaret in this class, but considerably cheaper is

KABARETT DER KOMIKER

Kurfurstendamm

This is an amusing place. There is always a good programme, and an evening need not cost more than twenty marks—plus, of course, possible disbursements to youth and charm.

If you want to be very economical, keep away from the champagne tables—which are the tables the waiters will try to steer you to as soon as you get in—and you will be able to drink something more modest than champagne, at the cost of about five marks.

Other similar cabarets in the same neighbourhood are :

Ambassadeurs, Hardenbergstrasse.

Barbarina, Hardenbergstrasse.

Kakadu, Kurfürstendamm.

And there are still others which the tourist will see advertised on kiosks, in newspapers, and on the walls of Untergrund stations. Casanova is the most exclusive and most expensive. All the others cost about twenty marks a head for an evening, but—don't forget—one can enter any of them for the cost of a drink at the bar.

ALKAZAR

Bernstrasse

This place provides an enormous amount of entertainment—there are sometimes as many as twenty-five different entertainers on the bill. There are also plenty of pretty girls to dance with. Alkazar has a beer and wine terrace, and if you go up there you can spend the whole evening for five marks.

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Faun, Friedrichstrasse, is in the same class as the above, and costs about the same amount—round about twenty marks at the champagne tables, and five marks or so elsewhere.

In all the cabarets previously mentioned there is nothing that one would hesitate to let one's mother see. But now we approach a different class.

BONBONNIÈRE

Friedrichstrasse

This is a large cabaret, well decorated, comfortable enough, with a pretty good floor and a pretty good band.

All sorts of entertainers give performances, none of them particularly good, but the main attraction is that on the stage at Bonbonnière nothing above the waist is *de rigueur*, and the usual handful of feathers or inadequate cloud of chiffon does its poor best for modesty from girdle to heel.

After these girls have done their tricks,

they put on a few clothes and mingle with the public. Then, for the consideration of a small sum, one can dance with them in the cabaret proper.

It is not particularly entertaining, but the tourist who has never seen such things will probably be interested.

With care—that is to say, by refusing to sit at any table that has a champagne look about it, and by definitely demanding half a bottle of Rhine wine—one can spend an evening here for five marks.

JÄGERSTRASSE

Is full of cabarets similar to the above. Any tourist going into any cabaret in that street is certain to find some nude dancers on the bill, a few other, and usually indifferent, entertainers, and any amount of breathless farmers staring at the wickedness of the great city, while the delightful little creatures all about them put their little curly heads together, and concoct schemes for the not

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particularly difficult transfer of *geld* from the agricultural pocket to the metropolitan silk stocking.

The cabarets in Jägerstrasse are not mentioned in the official guide-books of Berlin, and even the best-known of the gay and unofficial guides to the night-life of the city (*Was nicht im Baedeker Steht*) is discreetly silent about them. Therefore, the tourist is invited to draw his own conclusions, and he is also warned that nocturnal jaunts in and about Jägerstrasse are best undertaken after one's pocket-book has been locked up in the hotel safe.

Places Everybody Knows

HAUS VATERLAND

Potsdamerplatz

What a jolly place! What a youthful, carefree, won't - go - home - till - morning, romantic, wonderful place! The merry illuminated bonnet it wears for a roof whirls

round and round like the rings of Saturn. It has orchestras to pipe and fiddle all the different sorts of music people play from Seville to Stamboul. It has cow-boys, and Turks, Spanish dancing-girls, and buxom maidens from Bavaria. It has silver walls, and marble staircases, fountains—and even mountains and trains ! It is the jolliest place in Berlin.

There are eight different cafés under the same roof. The largest of them, which is entered from Königgrätzerstrasse, is an ordinary Berlin café—enormous, brightly-lighted, with good beer, and food and music, but scarcely worth entering when compared with the wonders that wait round the corner.

The entrance to Haus Vaterland looks like the entrance to a theatre, and is in a side street off Königgrätzerstrasse. When you go in you pay a mark at the box-office, and that includes cloak-room fees, a programme, and the freedom of that city of cafés till three o'clock in the morning.

Walk upstairs, or go up in one of the lifts. Are the silver walls in frightfully bad taste ?

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I suppose so ; but it doesn't matter. You feel eighteen years old in this place.

You reach the first landing. In front of you, seen through a wide door, is the Bavarian Café, and—ye gods !—the Bavarian Alps ! They are so real that they have got to be believed. When the lights go down, and the trick clouds roll by, and the thunder roars and the rain falls, you are nowhere but on the terrace of a *bierhaus* in Munich.

An orchestra of jolly young men, dressed in green waistcoats, short knickers showing their knees, hats with feathers in them, silver chains and medals, play large brass instruments, and seem to have come in from the mountains only an hour ago to entertain us.

National songs are sung, national dances danced, and fat middle-aged men in the crowded café rapturously clasp the waists of the Bavarian maidens who are rushing about with mugs of beer, and with tears of old memories in their eyes, roar the choruses of songs of their youth.

Wonderful place !

But the Viennese Café is the best of all.

Here one sits amidst old green trellis-work with leaves entwined within it; one looks down through an infinite distance, an infinite purple night, at the panorama of Vienna and the Danube, with tiny lighted trains crossing the bridges, and boats going by. People are drinking wine at all the tables round about—queer bottles of wine that are hung upside down on stands. An orchestra of three is sitting at a table, playing the sweet, romantic music of old Austria. Everybody is happy and sentimental—and half a bottle of wine costs three shillings.

Then there is the Wild West Bar. The tables are set out on a terrace that looks over miles and miles of rolling prairie. The waiters are dressed as cow-boys, and carry their bill-pads in their revolver holsters. Here the jazz-band snorts and brays, and if the waiter calls your lady "Gnädige Frau" it is only because his mother did not teach him how to say "Oh, Baby."

A slim, sinuous, dark-eyed, black-haired Carmen, with a rose behind her ear, and (possibly) a dagger in her stocking, lolls on a

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barrel and watches you dreamily in the Spanish Inn. And she'll dance with you, too, if you ask her, and you can easily imagine that you're in some strange romantic hostelry in a back street of Granada.

Then there is the Turkish café, dim and cool, with fretted wooden walls and deep divans. Tarbooshed Turks bring you coffee and liqueurs, grin with the whites of their dark eyes, and seem to hint that if you want anybody thrown into the Bosphorus it can be done from the window of the room next door.

Two steps from Constantinople and you are in Prague, with a Hungarian orchestra playing wild mysterious music to the tap of dancing feet.

A step from there and you are on the Rhine Terrace, and the students are singing songs of *Alt Heidelberg*.

If you feel modern and *blasé*, you can cross the corridor and enter the Palmensaal, where they give a cabaret performance as long and as elaborate as a revue—at an exclusive cost of three marks, which is deducted

from the bill if you buy anything to eat or drink.

You can make the tour of Vaterland, take something in every café (with the exception of the Palmensaal), drink in the German, Hungarian, Turkish, Spanish, and American languages, drink till your head is whirling round as happily as the gay head of Vaterland whirls round above Potsdamer Platz—and do it all for five shillings! Getting drunk in five languages for five shillings! Can it be done at that price anywhere else?

There is such a clean, gay, whole-hearted atmosphere of enjoyment about it all. You feel that Mr. Vaterland himself, whoever he may be (surely a very kind, very jolly fat man), stares down at it all with the triumphant satisfaction of a benign father who knows that he is giving his family the time of their lives.

Vaterland is a wonderful place. I have seen nothing like it anywhere else, and I am sure that if it were in any other city than Berlin it would cost pounds to enter it instead of shillings. The scenic effects are

little short of marvellous ; the music is alone worth the price of admission ; food and drink could not be better. In short, it is the best place in Berlin.

RESI

Blumenstrasse

This place sports a glass roof, painted with flowers, fruit and birds. There are also fountains, and revolving balls like globular mirrors, which split open when the lights go down, and disclose dazzling reflections of sparkling waters.

But the chief attraction is the table-telephones. The tables are numbered, and on every one is a small telephone. If you see a lonely little thing at table twenty-five, and you are feeling in a romantic mood, you ring up that table, and in your most inviting German say : “ *Darf ich das Vergnügen haben, gnädige Fraulein ?* ” (“May I have the pleasure, gracious Fraulein ?”). Whereupon she will probably make a dash at you, and

you will have the pleasure for the rest of the evening.

The telephone service is so good at Resi that often one need only put one's hand towards the instrument and glance at another table to bring the desired Gnädige Fraulein to one's side.

The proportion of the sexes is about five girls to each man, so no young Berliner (or tourist, for that matter) needs to sit alone at Resi.

There is a large dancing-floor and a good band, and an evening need not cost more than five marks per head. But of course there is sustenance for the Gnädige Fraulein to be considered.

BARs

Berlin is a city of bars.

Perhaps the untravelled reader doesn't know what a continental bar is. It isn't, for example, a stained mahogany counter marooned at the end of a large expanse of patchy oil-cloth floor; a mahogany counter

where men are, unfortunately men, where a landlord in shirt-sleeves and a damp moustache, a fat lady in a blouse and ear-rings, and a peroxide vamp of the late Armistice period, toil over beer-engines to the bright chanting of—" ' Arf an' 'arf, Ma ?"—"With a splash, sir ?"—" No slate 'ere."—" Come along now, gentlemen, *please*."

We English can't believe we're enjoying ourselves unless we're thoroughly uncomfortable—at home, at any rate.

But the Berlin bar is the aristocrat of bars. Take two London trams, place them end to end, fasten them together and fatten them, and you have the size and shape of the average Berlin bar. There are also square bars, round bars, oblong and hexagon bars, and others which go beyond my knowledge of geometry. In almost all bars there is a spot for dancing on. If you ask a waiter, he will move a table and show you where it is.

Berlin bars go in for carpets, armchairs in fierce velours, tables, small orchestras, waiters in dress suits, and a sprinkling of barmaids,

these last compounded of one part intelligence, two parts perfume, two parts powder, and five parts sex-appeal. However, it costs less to hob-nob with them at Meyers or the Nürnberger Hof after the bars close down.

The essentials of a Berlin bar are: (1) That it should never be there, but always just round the corner; (2) That it should have a modest, not-too-brightly-lit exterior; (3) That it should be underground, if possible; and (4) That it should be haunted by an air of pale iniquity (like Flaubert with cocoa), or alternatively, should be a-roar with animal high spirits.

I've got a complex about bars. To me they're morgues of misery. No one who is happy haunts the bars. They're ways of escape. The habituées are engaged in the old, old, endless, tragic game of escaping from oneself.

Who would go to a bar who wasn't hiding from himself? There isn't room to dance in; there are too many distractions for conversation; the orchestra isn't worth

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listening to ; the drinks are no better, and more expensive, than anywhere else.

There is a bar-type in Berlin—the restless, distraught people, intelligent enough to be miserable, but not intelligent enough to find an interest in their own minds, people with no firm hold on anything, no abiding interest in anything, prisoners to poor jobs and unloved wives—escaping from themselves and from life. It's lucky that most of them don't realize it. . . .

Places Not Everybody Knows

KLEINE SCALA

Lutherstrasse, W.

Frau Schwanebeck and Hermann are the Kleine Scala, and the Kleine Scala is Frau Schwanebeck and Hermann.

There is nothing else in this little restaurant except about a dozen tables and a bar, and a waiter whom the rude English call "Stiffy." Up to now he thinks it is the English diminutive of Stephan, and is quite happy

about it, but one day someone will tell him the truth.

If you went into the Kleine Scala with a cat in the hand, and swung it in such a way that the periphery described by the wretched animal's head could be traversed by a straight line drawn between the door and the end wall, no one except the cat would come to harm. But that is the only safe position for cat-swinging in the Kleine Scala. A turn towards the bar would be fatal.

Yet this little restaurant is becoming so celebrated that scarcely a week goes by without reference to it in one or other of the Berlin papers. Frau Schwanebeck is being drawn and caricatured so much that she is being metamorphosed into a Berlin character.

Every music-hall artist who comes to Berlin, everybody from the great Grock to the humblest tumbler, goes to the Kleine Scala. It has been the scene of the most extraordinary goings-on. Gentlemen have eaten glasses there ; girls have danced on tables ; the entire clientele has at times arisen

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and dispensed beer to itself; conjurers, sword - swallows, dancers, comedians, acrobats, and the proprietors of performing seals have rushed through it like a swarm of locusts, devouring meat and drink; at least one marriage has been begun and celebrated there; at least once members of the clientele have stormed the kitchen and done the cooking.

There is something in the atmosphere of the place. The food is good and inexpensive, drinks are good and inexpensive, but no better nor less expensive than anywhere else. But the Kleine Scala is homely, and music-hall people, who are people without homes, are the homeliest people on earth.

Good-natured, reluctant nomads, dragging patient wives from one city to the next, one country to another; waiting, killing time between shows in cafés and bars and hotel-lounges. The map of Europe is to them as the map of London is to us. The whole world is their home. They must make friends of the people they meet, or have no friends. Railway tracks are surely engraven on their hearts.

Berlin, Stockholm, Leningrad, Paris, Madrid—it's all the same to them.

The man you're drinking with in the Kleine Scala looks at his watch and stands up.

"So long. I've got to go."

"Where are you off to?"

"Moscow."

Or Helsingfors, or Kobe. Why get excited about it? It's only a bit farther round the crust of this old earth. . . .

So in Berlin they crowd into the Kleine Scala, and Frau Schwanebeck, fat and cheerful, kisses them good-bye when they go away, and gives them chocolate or cognac for the journey. She is a great character, and never says "no" to a game of poker. Hermann mooches about, and whispers to you in three languages about the incredible goings-on of last night.

Times have been known when Frau Schwanebeck (who had never been seen more than two yards outside her door) has locked up the restaurant before the official closing hour, and devoted it to her own

personal enjoyment and that of her favourite clients.

Times have been known . . .

But still . . . If you're anywhere in the neighbourhood between one and three o'clock in the morning, you ought to drop in at the Kleine Scala. You may find a bevy of beautiful girls (a dancing troupe) disporting themselves at six tables put end to end ; and you're sure to find a number of music-hall artists, native and foreign, all leaning towards one another and talking at the tops of their voices. If you don't understand the language they're using, you needn't worry about it, because all they're talking about is their contracts. Music-hall artists never talk about anything else.

In the Kleine Scala you're almost sure to see the turnip-manicurist at work. He wears a little green waistcoat hung with watch-chains and silver medallions. On his head is a green hat with a shaving brush stuck in the back. His legs are protected by knee-breeches and cycling stockings. Slung across his shoulders is a haversack containing half a

hundredweight of turnips. In one hand he carries a lathe.

If anyone is sufficiently feeble-minded to give him an order, he sets up the lathe on a table, puts a turnip in position, and makes a sort of concertina of it. Then he sprinkles salt between the pleats, impales the whole with wooden tooth-picks, and demands fifty pfennigs.

In the dawn he is sometimes seen yodelling his way home along the tram-lines.

NÜRNBERGER HOF Nurnbergerstrasse, W.

This is a café - restaurant that opens at six o'clock in the morning, closes at noon, and is largely patronized by gangsters. It is within half a minute of Kurfürstendamm, and therefore in the heart of the West End. Waiters, bar-girls, music-hall artists, a few stray, inquisitive lookers-on, and large numbers of the loud mysterious people who appear in such Berlin haunts in the early hours, hibernate during the day, and get up

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for breakfast at midnight, join the gangsters in making a large and imposing clientele.

In the Nürnberger Hof you eat and drink anything within reason, and at a cheap rate ; but it is as well to look at the prices on the menu before you order, and to keep a written note of what you have. Gangsters won't pay high prices, and restaurant-proprietors must live.

The restaurant is fairly large, and plainly furnished in good solid style—a sort of Early Oetzmann or Renaissance Maple, one might say. Gangsters have simple tastes.

They are friendly fellows, though a little uncouth. There are several different lots of them in Berlin, and it is one particular lot which frequents the Nürnberger Hof. When two lots arrive at the same time, it is as well to move one's seat to a table at the back. Unmannerly boastfulness, rising through contemptuous insinuation to open abuse, leads to a strained relationship between the opposing camps. But it is not often that two gangs arrive at the same time.

Now and then a gang gives a ball in the

gesellschaftszimmer of a Berlin café, and all the gangsters, burglars, confidence-tricksters, crook lawyers and what-not of the city dance the careless hours away, while the local police keep watch to see that nobody steals a gangster's car.

The gang which frequents the Nürnberger Hof is composed of gentlemen the size of oxen, who tremble beneath the iron rule of a Mussolini the size of Little Tich. If any of the gangsters become obstreperous, their little leader goes to his table, and punches him in the face till he promises never to do it again. The delinquent is usually about three times the size of the gangster king, but reprisals never take place. The gangster king, alike with other kings, can do no wrong.

Sometimes the gangsters take a stranger to their hearts, and he is admitted to the brotherhood. That does not make it necessary for him to become a gangster (they are open-minded people): he is merely an honorary member, with the privilege of claiming the protection of the gang. Not only can he claim protection in Berlin, but — like any

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London clubman — can demand welcome and assistance in foreign cities. The workings of the criminal underworld of Europe cannot be seen to better advantage than in Berlin.

The gangsters can usually be recognized by the enormous gold rings on their fingers. Large gold rings make good knuckle-dusters.

But the hardy tourist ought not to be frightened away from the Nürnberger Hof—quite the contrary. It is an extraordinary experience to visit it, particularly if one goes in, dead sober, at nine o'clock in the morning, and contemplates the amazing spectacle of a daylight-lit restaurant full of merry fat men, waving drooping flowers in their hands, and singing sentimental songs, while a three-piece string orchestra perambulates from place to place. Pretty girls in evening dress, who have come on from the bars and cabarets four hours earlier, cling to their lovers' necks and exchange passionate kisses.

And the sunlight streaming through the windows upon it all.

It is so different from life in Clapham.

KAFFEE ROLAND

Chausseestrasse

Out-size gentlemen with cauliflower ears keep the peace in this café, which opens at three and closes at six (a.m. in each case), and is one of the first places which occur to the minds of the *Polizeipräsidium* when some inhabitant of the underworld is "wanted."

Kaffee Roland costs next to nothing, and if one is quiet and modest, and not so indiscreet as to wear a silk hat, one can spend an interesting couple of hours in it. Gangsters, burglars, their friends, touts, and underlings make up the greater part of the clientele. Gentlemen with completely shaven heads will boast to you that they have done five years' *Zuchthaus* (penal servitude) and will look with disdain on anyone who has done less than a year.

But all sorts of gay night-birds drop in from time to time at Kaffee Roland, and it is so often raided by the police that it must be safe enough for life and limb.

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Nevertheless, take your passport when you go, and be sure that you've left your pocket-book in the hotel safe. Chausseestrasse at night is not the choicest of neighbourhoods.

KÜNSTLER KAFFEE

Budapesterstrasse, W.

At three o'clock in the morning this place caters to a mixed multitude of high and low—cabaret-girls, artists, writers, waiters, music-hall stars, respectable Berliners out for the night, and a plentiful sprinkling of the unknown and mysterious. It is amusing enough, and a cup of coffee costs only one mark fifty.

MEYER

Wutzbergerstrasse

When the cabarets in the Kurfürstendamm neighbourhood shut their doors at three o'clock in the morning, the bar-girls and dancing-girls, waiters, violin-players, actors,

actresses and hangers-on—none of whom ever goes to bed before about noon—give a whoop and descend upon Meyer's, where they are joined by the crowd which has come on from the *Kleine Scala* (see page 124).

Chicken soup, beer and cognac are drunk at an incredibly small cost, and at six o'clock everybody dashes off to *Nürnberger Hof* or *Schultheiss-Bräustübl am Zoo* round the corner (see page 136).

This tour is well worth making once, and from first to last it won't cost more than ten marks. But there is a difficulty about Meyer's so far as the tourist is concerned. It is a club for the people of Berlin who end their working day at three o'clock in the morning, and therefore one has to be a member, or a member's friend, before one can go in.

But waiters are friendly people—usually very good fellows when they've got their napkins off their arms and the ten per cent. look out of their eyes—and the tourist who wants to see Meyer's won't have great difficulty in finding a waiter to take him in if

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he goes about it in the right way. Or, of course, a bar-girl.

SCHULTHEISS-BRÄUSTÜBL AM ZOO

Budapesterstrasse, 11

This is in the same class as Nürnberger Hof (see page 129), and amusing enough. It opens at six o'clock in the morning, and its clientele consists of cabaret-girls, waiters, music-hall performers, etc. Gay goings-on, with laughter, singing, and chicken soup. Cost—two or three marks, with care.

EL DORADO

Lutherstrasse

This cabaret is being included more as a warning to the unwary tourist than anything else. It is situated almost next door to the Kleine Scala, and almost opposite the huge Scala Music-hall and the Casanova Cabaret, so anybody is likely to stroll in.

If you go in, *go alone and on no account allow your wife or sister to accompany you;*

and go with no other expectation than that of seeing how a section of the other half of the world lives.

Nothing will happen to you ; you won't be murdered, robbed, or even annoyed. You will find a fairly gay cabaret in progress, and if you keep away from the tables with the champagne buckets on them, a visit won't cost more than the price of a glass of beer.

But leave your womenfolk in the comparative holiness of the Kleine Scala, next door.

CHAPTER VIII

Sport

ONE of the profound thoughts which occur to one in a London motor-bus is that what is apparently the best discovered means of communication between the driver and conductor of these mechanical marvels is a piece of string hung inside the roof. Thoughts equally profound arise from the reflection that the civilization which has produced more marvels than the old prophets ever dreamt of finds its chief amusement in hurling, kicking, trundling, or hitting balls of various sizes, materials, and weights from one place to another.

The moral of that seems to be that it's time some inventive genius turned his mind to amusements.

In the meantime, the tourists who are interested in sport will be in paradise in Berlin. The citizens say that in proportion to her size she is the leading sports' centre of Europe. Probably that is correct. There is evidence of a well-grounded interest in sport everywhere in Berlin, and particularly in so far as physical culture is concerned. The German passion for gathering things into societies and associations is well exemplified in this aspect of the national life. There must be hundreds of physical culture organizations in the capital and around it, most of them affiliated with one another, and a great number under the control of the *Reichsausschuss für Leibesübungen*) (National Committee for Physical Culture). It is quite remarkable how many women of Berlin—the majority of them married women, and not all of them young—spend two or three evenings a week climbing ropes and doing physical jerks, under the instruction of god-like young men whose torsos are on view in the windows of the fashionable photographers.

All the European ball-games can be found in full blast in every corner of the city, and besides these, running, boating, boxing, cycling, swimming, skating, and motor- and motorcycle - racing are well looked after. Horse-racing has been dealt with in another section of this book.

Amongst the important sports centres of the city is the Stadion, which stands amidst the pine - trees of lovely Grunewald. It provides accommodation for 60,000 spectators and is well worth seeing, quite apart from what may be going on there. A running track, a cycling track, a gymnasium, a playing field and a swimming bath, each of immense size, are comprised within the enclosure.

Not far from the Stadion is the Sports Forum, Germany's headquarters for gymnastics and athletics. Besides gymnasiums, colleges, offices, running tracks and playing fields, there is also a huge open-air swimming bath. At the time of writing plans are being made to add a closed swimming bath, a restaurant, and a subterranean passage, which

will connect the Forum and the Stadion underneath the Grunewald Racecourse.

Another swimming bath, this one with artificial waves, is in Luna Park. (See page 58.)

There are some fine ice-skating rinks in the Sportspalast, Potsdamerstrasse, and ice-hockey matches take place there. But the best skating in Berlin is to be had in the open air, on the lakes and rivers which surround the city. In winter there is tobogganing in Grunewald, and even a ski-jumping hill.

Also in Grunewald is the Avus motor speedway, more than twelve miles long, and with accommodation for half a million spectators. (See Grunewald, page 63.)

Altogether there are more than three hundred sports grounds and playing fields in the city.

Boxing is a comparatively new sport in Germany, but she is forging ahead with it. Important matches are held in the Sportspalast, in the Exhibition Halls, Kaiserdamm, and in other places. Current information will

be found in the newspapers. Perhaps it is as well to add that seats at boxing matches in Berlin are as expensive as in most other cities.

Bicycle-racing (*Radrennen*) takes place in the Stadion, and in Olympia, Königsdamm, and in winter in the Sportspalast, Potsdamerstrasse, and the Exhibition Halls, Kaiserdamm.

Either the Sportspalast or one of the Exhibition Halls is the scene annually of the amazing *Sechstagerennen* (Six Days' Bicycle Race), which is held in the winter. If the tourist is in Berlin when that is going on he cannot afford to miss it.

The atmosphere of the games of ancient Rome hangs over the *Sechstagerennen*. Imagine a huge arena, tiers of seats at the sides sloping up towards the roof; far below, a wooden track, narrow and tilted. Imagine a dozen little fellows on bright shining bicycles, a dozen strung out in a line, white shorts from hips to knees, coloured pull-overs stretched across heaving chests, black numbers fastened to their backs, racing round

and round, round and round under the lamps, legs going like pistons, backs bent double.

A flash, and two go by, vanishing into the gloom beyond the lights. A flash, and two more spurt after them.

On and on, for six days and six nights, one hundred and forty-four hours, eight thousand, six hundred and forty minutes, long enough to cross America from end to end, or to go from London to Constantinople and most of the way back.

They race in teams of two. One member or the other of every team is always on the track. They stumble off the bicycles, sink half-asleep into the arms of their seconds, stagger away to be massaged, to have food and drink forced down their throats, to be washed and shaved, to sleep. Then on to the saddle again, and round and round the wooden track.

The public is there at all hours. People drift in and out day and night. At two o'clock in the morning there is an immense crowd. Men in dress clothes and women in

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sables and diamonds shout encouragement to the racing automatons under the lights. Men in caps and women in shawls shriek and yell under the roof.

Every fifteen minutes there is a prize. Aching limbs are whipped up to new endeavour. The crowd roars. Amazing prizes—suits of clothes, motor-cycles, bottles of cognac.

At the end of it all a money prize is presented to the winning team.

Always there are six, eight, ten cyclists on the track.

Everybody goes to see them. People drop in after the theatre or the cabaret. Actors, actresses, financiers, politicians, men of affairs, gangsters, crowds of the mysterious people of Berlin who live at night and disappear in daylight. Enthusiasts stay beside the arena the entire six days.

The excitement is immense, and almost unflagging ; arguments are bitter and violent. Every decision is questioned, challenged, denounced.

The men on the track take no notice.

Round and round for six days and six nights,
while saint and sinner, pauper and millionaire,
shout and stare.

It is the ordained sport of the *Weltstadt* ;
this terrific test of endurance amidst the steel
and stone of the arena ; amidst the echoes,
the shouting, the black shadows ; with the
snow piled up a meter high on the pavements
outside, and the ice five millimeters thick on
the window-panes.

One wonders why the vanquished are not
put to death.



CHAPTER IX

For the Information of the Tourist

SHOPPING

BERLIN has some good shops, but the Englishwoman is not likely to find them so attractive as the shops of London or Paris. Firstly, they are more expensive. Secondly, nearly everything that is good in them is made in England, and everything that can masquerade as good is marked "English Made" or "English Style." There is no point in buying in Berlin what can be bought at lower prices in London.

But furs seem to be cheap. That is probably because most of them come from Russia, where a fur-coat can be bought for about half the price charged anywhere

else, though a safety-razor blade costs two shillings.

Pull-overs and knitted things, very bright and cheerful to look at, are imported from Vienna, and are fairly inexpensive. Leather goods seem cheap as well. But what is really worth buying in Berlin is silk stockings. They are better and cheaper than those sold in Paris, an excellent pair costing about three shillings. But the tourist ought not to forget that there is a heavy duty to pay on them in England.

Some of the important shops of Berlin are the following :

Braun, Unter den Linden.

Cord, Leipsigerstrasse.

Michels, Tauentzienstrasse.

The Department Stores are :

Ka De We (Kaufhaus des Westens),
Wittenbergplatz.

Tietz, Leipsigerstrasse.

Wertheim, Leipsigerstrasse.

GAMBLING

There are three legitimate forms of gambling in Berlin—the race-course, the Stock Exchange, or the lotteries.

In all parts of the city you come across rather mysterious-looking shops, often displaying chalked-up news about races in France and Germany, and a sign over the door announcing "*Wettburo.*" (Betting Bureau.) In these places you can lay bets on all races in France and Germany, and all the classics in the British Isles. Results from France arrive in about five minutes. Lots of people seem to spend their lives in the *Wettbureaux*.

There are six race-courses (*Rennbahnen*) around Berlin. Four of them—Hoppegarten, Grunewald, Karlshorst and Strausberg—are for flat-racing and steeple-chasing. Trotting races are held at Mariendorf and Ruhleben.

Yes, it is *the* Ruhleben, where five thousand civilian prisoners of war were kept interned. The old horse-boxes have gone, but the big stone barracks is still there.

Many of the Englishmen I've met in Berlin were in Ruhleben during the war. They have told me that they did not receive any ill-treatment from the guards, and that they got their parcels of food from home even when Berlin was on the brink of starvation. It was the monotony, the dreadful getting up every day for four years to look at the same faces, the same walls, the same stretch of grass, to endure the same long hours of anxiety and idleness, to listen to the same conversations and the same threadbare jokes—it was that that killed.

Perhaps the war-time associations of Ruhleben ought not to be mentioned in this chapter, but it is a good thing to rub in the inevitabilities of war as often as possible. If everybody had the same ideas about war as they have about smallpox, there might not be any wars. In the next war *you* may be interned in a horse-box.

Particulars of race-meetings are published in newspapers, and the best way of getting to the courses is by autocar. On race-days autocars start from Bahnhof am Zoo and

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Unter den Linden. The price of admission to a race-course is from one mark.

The pari-mutuel system of betting is in use in Germany, but there are also bookmakers on the courses. The independent bookmakers usually give more favourable odds, but they are not allowed to take bets of less than 30 marks.

In the pari-mutuel booths the unit is 10 marks to win and 5 marks for a place. To make a bet, go to one of the booths, give the number of the horse you fancy (the numbers are on the programme), pay your money, and say "*Sieg*" (win) or "*Platz*" (place). You exchange your ticket later for your winnings, if any.

As for the lotteries, half the tobacconists in Berlin seem to sell tickets. Posters giving particulars of prizes are in shop-windows everywhere.

NEWSPAPERS

Englishmen complain that the German newspaper is heavy. Undoubtedly it is; and

it seems doubly so to us because we are a light and frivolous people. The Englishman is the most frivolous creature in Europe. Nothing troubles him very much, not even love. What do people talk about in English trains, restaurants, homes? Never anything serious. Football, the cinema, horse-racing, clothes, motor-cars and wireless. I shall never forget the astonishment of a Russian lady when she found that we included biographies of boxers and footballers in our encyclopædias. Compared with the English girl, the French girl, who has such a reputation for frivolity, is a blue-stocking. Berlin is the city of youth, but of mature youth. Englishmen rarely reach the Continental level of maturity. Playing games is the only thing we do well. We have made ourselves into a wonderful nation because we regard all things as games, and games as the only things of importance. That is reflected in our newspapers.

The circulations of Berlin newspapers are small. That is because in Germany newspapers are not read by everybody, but only by people of passable intelligence. In

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Berlin you don't see a newspaper in everybody's hand, as you do in London. In England everybody buys the papers, therefore they have to be kept down to the level of the least intelligent reader. A popular London newspaper rarely publishes an article that a child could not understand, but that could not be said of the Berlin papers.

English and American methods of journalism, however, are now creeping into Berlin.

The German prides himself on his objectiveness. Englishmen say he is no more objective than anybody else. Is he, or isn't he? He is ready to argue with you quite calmly and reasonably on such a subject as "Are your countrymen stupid?" His patriotism will influence him, but he will listen to your argument without knocking you down. The average Frenchman would regard the mere suggestion of such an argument as a personal insult. Most Englishmen would laugh, and not think about it at all.

The tourist is not likely to trouble himself with the newspapers, except to see what

time the theatres begin ; but one likes to know what sort of stuff is in a newspaper, even if one can't read it.

In Berlin newspapers you never see items such as this :—

Lunching yesterday at the Sarcophagus, I saw young Lord Exe with a party of gay friends. Everybody is very interested in him just now, because he is growing his moustache for the second time. He is known amongst his intimates as "Tootles," and is often seen in an exclusive night-club not ten miles from Piccadilly.

Berlin newspapers are expensive. They are small, and the cheapest cost a fraction more than a penny. Many of them are three-halfpence, twopence, and more. I suppose that is the result of small circulations. But advertisement rates are high. The Germans, however, do not go in for advertising as we do. That is very noticeable in the streets. There are posters on some of the buses, but more than half of them are blank. And there aren't a great many hoardings in Berlin, though kiosks abound, as in Paris.

STAMPS AND TELEPHONES

To send a letter from Germany to a foreign country costs twenty-five pfennigs for the first twenty grammes, and fifteen pfennigs for every succeeding twenty grammes. Postcards cost fifteen pfennigs. Letters posted in Berlin for addresses in Berlin cost eight pfennigs, and for letters sent to other parts of the Reich fifteen pfennigs.

If you want to register a letter, write "Einschreiben" in the top left-hand corner, and hand it over the counter.

In Berlin there seems to be only one thing more important than a registered letter, and that's a death-warrant. Brawny Berliners turn pale at the sight of them, and the postman takes them so seriously that he won't deliver them to anyone except the person to whom they're addressed, and he usually demands a passport or other proof of identity before he'll hand one over.

If you really want to get your own back on somebody in Berlin, you send him an insulting letter by registered post. You then

have the satisfaction of knowing that he'll endure a thousand terrors even before he reads it.

The pneumatic - tube system, for the transport of letters within the confines of the city, is installed in Berlin, as in Paris, and is very efficient. Letters sent by this system cost forty pfennigs, and must be put in a special box marked *Röhrpost*.

Letters for the air-mail, for all parts of Europe, can be handed in at any post-office.

Berlin post-offices are open from 8 a.m. to 7 p.m. on week-days, and from 8 a.m. to 9 a.m. on Sundays. Telegrams are accepted at any hour of the day or night at the post-offices in the railway stations.

Under the international postal arrangements, Germany, alike with all other countries in the convention, cannot refuse to accept an understamped letter addressed to a foreign country ; but if you do happen to put too little postage on a letter, the postman is almost sure to bring it back next day, together with a polite printed form, which points out that the letter is understamped,

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that your correspondent will have to pay extra on it, and wouldn't it be better if you put the proper stamps on now ?

This bright scheme probably saves the German post-office tens of thousands of marks a year, for while it is able to charge extra on all understamped letters which come into the country, it doesn't let many understamped letters go out.

The queer architecture and interior decorations of most Berlin post-offices are well worth seeing, so don't give your letters to the hotel porter : go and buy the stamps yourself.

Street-telephones—tall lighted towers, with clocks in them—are not difficult to find. In Germany, as in France, telephone numbers are asked for in two groups. For example, if you want Uhland 6783, you mustn't say : "*Uhland, Sechs, Sieben, Acht, Drei,*" but "*Uhland, Siebenund-sechzig, Dreiund-achtzig.*" (For pronunciation, see page 177.) As soon as you've given the number, the girl will say : "*Zahlen, bitte*" ("Pay, please"), whereupon you must put a ten-pfennig piece in the slot

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and pull down the lever. The catch in the system is that if the number is engaged (" *Besetzt* "), you can't get your money back.

The Berlin telephone system is mostly excellent, and the exchanges are now being made automatic, which is much more convenient for the foreigner.

CIGARS, CIGARETTES AND TOBACCO

You must smoke cigars in Berlin. They're good and cheap. A fifty pfennig cigar is fit for an ambassador, and there are smokable cigars even as cheap as a penny.

Prices of cigarettes are quoted by the piece (*das Stuck*), which is apt to unsettle the bargain-hunter. If you see a box of gold-tipped cigarettes marked 8 pfennigs, that is the price of each cigarette, and not of the whole box.

I'm not fond of German cigarettes. There may be some good brands, but if there are, I haven't found them. Some of the English and American tobacco companies have

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factories in Hamburg, and familiar brands are on sale in Berlin. But they're not the same cigarettes as those we know by their names at home, and not so good.

The traditional English caricature of the German shows him with a large curly porcelain pipe in his mouth. In spite of the warnings of English friends in Berlin, I bought some German pipe-tobacco as soon as I arrived, for I thought that if the Germans could smoke it, so could I. But I give the Germans best on that score. They're a hardy race. Their pipe-tobacco costs about threepence a pound, and I should think they're glad to get rid of it at the price. It's like hay, and not very good hay, either.

Nevertheless, I've found one pipe-tobacco that isn't bad. It's made in Germany, but I suppose it has a foreign inspiration behind it, for it's called "Sweet Crop." It costs one mark ten pfennigs for fifty grammes. If you bring your pipe to Berlin, begin with "Sweet Crop." You may find something better afterwards, though I haven't.

Berlin tobacconists don't like to sell matches

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unless you buy tobacco or cigarettes as well. There isn't much profit on matches.

Some excellent petrol-lighters are to be had in Berlin for two or three marks, and if you want to take one to England the duty is only sixpence.

USEFUL ADDRESSES

Consulates

Great Britain: Tiergartenstrasse, 17. (Telephone, Lützow 7809—7810.)

U.S.A.: Bellevue Strasse, 5. (Telephone, Nollendorf 6018.)

Austria: Bendlerstrasse, 15.

Belgium: Jagerstrasse, 53.

Czechoslovakia: Rauchstrasse, 27.

Denmark: Alsenstrasse, 3a.

France: Matthäikirchstrasse, 3b.

Italy: Kurfürstendamm, 53.

Netherlands: Rauchstrasse, 10.

Norway: Alsenstrasse, 2.

Poland: Kurfürstenstrasse, 137.

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Spain : Roonstrasse, 6.

Sweden : Wallstrasse, 5-8.

Switzerland : Furst-Bismarckstrasse, 4.

Railway Stations

Friedrichstrasse, Charlottenburg, Zoologischer Garten Alexanderplatz and Schlesischer Bahnhof, for trains to and from :—London, Paris, Brussels, Amsterdam, Cologne, Dusseldorf, Essen, Hanover, Danzig, Königsberg, Kovno, Riga, Breslau, Warsaw, Moscow, Leningrad.

Anhalter Bahnhof, for Dresden, Leipzig and South Germany, Switzerland and Italy.

Görlitzer Bahnhof, for Breslau, Górlitz, the Silesian mountains and watering-places.

Lehrter Bahnhof, for Hamburg, Bremen, Lubeck, and North Sea bathing resorts.

Potsdamer Bahnhof, for Potsdam, Magdeburg, the Harz, Cologne.

Stettiner Bahnhof, for Danzig, Scandinavia, and Baltic Sea resorts.

Air-ticket Booking Offices

Deutsche Luft Hansa, Mauerstrasse, 61-62.

Luftreiseburo, Mauerstrasse, 61-62.

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TOURIST AGENCIES AND BANKS

There are banks on every corner in Berlin, and foreign money can be changed in any of them. Nearly all the leading tourist agencies have offices in Unter den Linden.

The Berlin Scotland Yard

Polizeipräsidium, Alexanderstrasse 3-6.

General Post Office

Königstrasse, 61-62.

ENGLISH SPEAKING

Doctor : Dr. A. H. Roman,
Speyerstrasse, 18, W.30.
Telephone, Lützow 470.

Chemist : A. Lucae,
Unter den Linden, 53.
Telephone, Zentrum 4443.

Dentist : Dr. George A. Kennedy,
Matthäikirchstrasse, 4, W
Telephone, Lützow 5372.

CHAPTER X

The Language

THIS is no attempt to teach the German language—a task of which I should be quite incapable—; and though every effort has been made to ensure accuracy, errors have possibly crept in here and there, so the reader's indulgence is asked for. All I have tried to do is to provide a sufficient number of words and phrases, and the outlines of a sufficient number of verbs, to enable the tourist to get himself out of most difficulties.

In all the large hotels, shops, restaurants, etc., in Berlin, English is spoken, but the tourist who wants to economize won't go into the large hotels, shops and restaurants, and therefore this section is specially for him.

German is a vile language to try to pick up in a week. Verbs, nouns—everything—alter while you look at them. You have no sooner decided, after the most painful mental efforts, that *Das* is the correct translation of *That*, when you come upon *Dies*, *Dieses*, and Heaven knows what else. Difficulties like that crop up all the time.

The real trouble begins with the genders. In German, as in English, there are three—masculine, feminine, and neuter—; but in German there is no guarantee that a word which represents something obviously feminine (or masculine) is grammatically feminine (or masculine). For example, *Weib* (wife or woman) is neuter. There are no definite rules, and therefore the tourist has no hope of speaking correctly. But he will be understood, all the same.

That is one comforting thing about German : you can speak it ungrammatically, you can mispronounce all the words, and people still understand you. The tourist who has been in France will appreciate this advantage. There are hundreds of French words which

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have to be almost perfectly pronounced before the natives know what you're talking about.

Another comforting thing about German is that it is a phonetic language. With a few exceptions, every letter is pronounced (including both the *p* and the *f* in such words as *Pferd*, horse ; and also final *e*'s). Once the tourist has learnt the sounds of the letters, he'll be understood almost everywhere, even if he gets the accents all wrong—which, of course, he is sure to do.

The important points to remember are that *W* is pronounced like *V*, *V* like *F*, *I* like *E*, etc. (See alphabet on page 166.)

With a vocabulary, the present and past tenses of a dozen verbs, and a rough idea of pronunciation and grammatical construction, a tremendous amount can be done in a foreign language. It is these essentials which are provided here. In the first few following pages the important auxiliary verbs, *To have* and *To be*, without which nothing can be done, will be found set out fairly fully, together with some hints on the pronunciation.

Thereafter are other grammatical essentials, the present, past, and past participle of all the irregular verbs likely to be needed, the days of the week, months of the year, numbers, etc., a vocabulary of phrases (which will give assistance in genders and in grammatical construction), and a list of useful words.

I know from past experience of phrase-books and pocket dictionaries that the word or phrase one happens to want is never there. That is a difficulty which cannot be overcome: one has to draw the line somewhere. I suppose it would be possible to provide the proper phrase for every conceivable set of circumstances, but that would involve a work about the size of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, and the tourist would have to go about Berlin dragging a small truck.

But the journey from London to Berlin takes about twenty-one hours, and he who devotes some of those hours to a study of the following pages will not be entirely helpless when he arrives.

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ALPHABET

Pronounced

A	<i>ah</i>
B	<i>bai</i> (pronounced as <i>p</i> when final).
C	<i>tsai</i>
D	<i>dai</i> (pronounced as <i>t</i> when final).
E	<i>a</i>
F	<i>f</i>
G	<i>gai</i> (like Scotch <i>ch</i> when final).
H	<i>ha</i>
I	<i>e</i>
J	<i>yot</i> (like <i>y</i> in <i>yes</i>).
K	<i>kah</i> (<i>k</i> is sounded before <i>n</i>).
L	<i>l</i>
M	<i>m</i>
N	<i>n</i>
O	<i>o</i> (never like Cockney <i>aou</i>).
P	<i>pai</i>
Q	<i>koo</i>
R	<i>airr</i>
S	<i>ess</i> (like <i>z</i> in <i>zeal</i>).
T	<i>tai</i>
U	<i>oo</i>
V	<i>fow</i>
W	<i>vai</i>

Pronounced

X *ceks*

Y Called *ipsilon*, and sounded as
English *y* in *mystery*. Only used
in Greek words.

Z *tsett*

(NOTE—*In German all substantives are written
with a capital initial letter.*)

DIPHTHONGS

Pronounced

ae as English *i*ei as English *i*au as *ou* in *house*eu as *oy* in *coy*au as *oy* in *coy*

A diaeresis over the vowel *ä* alters its sound to
that of *a* in *late*.

A diaeresis over the vowel *ö* alters its sound to
that of *er* in *herd*.

A diaeresis over the vowel *u* alters its sound to
that of French *u*.

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VERBS

<i>English.</i>	<i>German.</i>	<i>Pronunciation.</i>
TO HAVE	HABEN	(Hahb'n).
I have	Ich habe	(If you can't pronounce the guttural <i>ich</i> , <i>ish</i> is better than <i>ik</i> . <i>Hahbe</i> . The final <i>e</i> in <i>habe</i> almost <i>er</i> .)
He, she, it has	Er, sie, es hat	(err, zee, ess hat).
We have	Wir haben	(Veer hahb'n).
You have	Sie haben	(Zee hahb'n).
They have	sie haben	(Zee hahb'n).
I, he, she, it had	Ich, er, sie, es hatte	(hatte—final <i>e</i> , almost <i>er</i>).
We, you, they had	Wir, Sie, sie hatten	(hatten).
I, he, she, it shall (or will) have	Ich, er, sie, es werde haben	(verde hahb'n).
We, you, they shall (or will) have	Wir, Sie, sie werden haben	(verden hahb'n).
I have had	Ich habe gehabt	(gehapt)
He, she, it has had	Er, sie, es hat gehabt	

<i>English.</i>	<i>German.</i>
We, you, they	Wir, Sie, sie haben
have had	gehabt

The interrogative is formed in German simply by placing the verb in front of the pronoun. Thus—

Have you? *Haben Sie?*

		<i>Pronunciation.</i>
To BE	SEIN	(zine).
I am	Ich bin	(bin).
He, she, it is	Er, sie, es ist	(ist).
We, you, they are	Wir, Sie, sie sind	(zint).
I, he, she, it was . . .	war	(var).
We, you, they were	. . . waren	(vahren).
I, he, she, it shall . . . (or will) be	werde sein	(verde zine).
We, you, they . . . shall (or will) be	werden sein	(verden zine).
I have been	Ich bin gewesen	(gevehs'n—e as in hey).
He, she, it has . . . been	ist gewesen	
We, you, they . . . have been	sind gewesen	

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<i>English.</i>	<i>German.</i>	<i>Pronunciation.</i>
TO ASK	FRAGEN	(Frahg'n).
I ask	Ich frage	(frahge— <i>e</i> like <i>er</i>).
He, she asks	. . . fragt	(frahgt).
We, you, they ask	. . . fragen	
I, he, she asked	. . . fragte	(frahgte— <i>e</i> like <i>er</i>).
We, you, they asked	. . . fragten	(frahgten).
I shall ask	ich werde fragen	
He, she, shall ask.	. . . wird fragen	
We, you, they shall ask	. . . werden fragen	
I have asked	Ich habe gefragt	
He, she, has asked	. . . hat gefragt	
We, you, they have asked	. . . hatten gefragt	
I had asked	. . . ich hat gefragt	
	Etc., etc., etc.	

All regular verbs are conjugated as above. Here are some regular verbs : To buy, kaufen. To sell, verkaufen. To put, legen. To smoke, rauchen. To pay, bezahlen. To make, machen. To say, to tell, sagen.

DEFINITE ARTICLE

<i>A</i>	Masculine	ein (Pronounced <i>in</i> , the <i>i</i> as in <i>line</i>).
	Feminine	eine (Pronounced <i>iner</i> , the <i>i</i> as in <i>line</i>).
	Neuter	ein

INDEFINITE ARTICLE

<i>The</i>	Masculine	Der (Pronounced <i>dare</i>)
	Feminine	Die (Pronounced <i>dee</i>).
	Neuter	Das (Pronounced <i>dahss</i>).

Eine Frau, a woman. Ein Mann, a man. Ein Haus, a house. Die Frau, the woman. Der Mann, the man. Das Haus, the house.

PERSONAL PRONOUNS

I, ich. He, er. She, sie. Me, mich. Him, ihn. Her, sie. To me, mir. To him, ihm. To her, ihr.

We, wir. You, Sie. They, sie. Us, uns. To you, Ihnen. Them, sie. To us, uns. To them, ihnen.

(Pronunciation—words not previously given—mich, between *mik* and *meesh*. Mir, *meer*. Uns, *oons*. Ihn, *oen*. Ihm, *eem*. Ihr, *eer*. Ihnen, *eenen*.)

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POSSESSIVE ADJECTIVES

	<i>Masculine and Neuter.</i>	<i>Feminine and Plural.</i>
My	Mein	Meine
His	Sein	Seine
Her	Ihr	Ihre
Our	Unser	Unsere
Their	Ihr	Ihre
Your	Ihr	Ihre

CAN, WILL, MUST, MAY

		<i>Pronunciation.</i>
I, he, she can	. . . kann	(kahn).
„ „ „ will	. . . will	(vill).
„ „ „ must	. . . musz	(moos).
„ „ „ may	. . . darf	(dahrf).
We, you, they can	. . . können	(kernen).
„ „ „ will	. . . wollen	(vollen).
„ „ „ must	. . . müssen	(missen).
„ „ „ may	. . . dürfen	(deerf'n).

May I smoke here? *Darf ich hier rauchen?*

Will you drink something? *Wollen Sie etwas trinken?*

When there are Two VERBS in a sentence (as in the two examples given), it is always safe to put the second one at the end.

The negation is formed by putting *nicht* after the verb. Example: I don't know, *ich weiss nicht*—literally, *I know not*. Do you know? *Wissen Sie nicht?*—literally *Know you not?*

Nicht is pronounced something between *nikt* and *neesht*.

The plural of masculine and neuter nouns is formed by adding *e* to the singular. Feminine nouns take *n* or *en*. There are, however, exceptions. All nouns in the plural take *Die* before them, not *Der* or *Das*. Examples: The woman, *Die Frau*. The women, *Die Frauen*. The letter, *Der Brief*. The letters, *Die Briefe*.

THERE IS, THERE WAS, Etc.

When "there" refers to a definite *place*:

He is there *Er ist dort* (dort).
Was she there? *War sie dort?*

When "there" does not refer to a *place*:

There is no butter *Es ist kein Butter* (Es ist).

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"There" in questions :

Is there a letter *Ist ein Brief für*
for me here ? *mich hier ?*

When "there" means "There exists" :

Is there any *Gibt es etwas* (Gibt).
news ? *Neues ?*

THE OUTLINE OF SOME IRREGULAR VERBS

Likely to be needed by the Tourist

To BEGIN, *beginnen*. Began, *begann*. Past par.,
begonnen. I begin, *ich beginne*. He, she begins,
. . . . *beginnt*. We, you, they . . . *beginnen*.

To BRING, *bringen*. Brought, *brachte*. Past par.,
gebracht. I bring, *ich bringe*. He, she, . . . *bringt*.
We, you, they, . . . *bringen*.

To CALL, *rufen*. Called, *rief*. Past par., *gerufen*. I
call, *ich rufe*. He, she, . . . *ruft*. We, you, they,
. . . . *rufen*.

To COME, *kommen*. Came, *kam*. Past par., *gekommen*
I come, *ich komme*. He, she, . . . *kommt*. We,
you, they, . . . *kommen*.

To DO, *tun*. Done, *tat*. Past par., *getan*. I do,
ich tue. He, she, . . . *tut*. We, you, they, . . .
tun.

TO DRINK, *trinken*. Drunk, *trank*. Past par., *getrunken*.

I drink, *ich trinke*. He, she, . . . *trinkt*. We, you, they, . . . *trinken*.

TO EAT, *essen*. Ate, *ass*. Past par., *gegessen*. I eat,

ich esse. He, she, . . . *isst*. We, you, they, . . . *essen*.

TO FIND, *finden*. Found, *fand*. Past par., *gefunden*.

I find, *ich finde*. He, she, . . . *findet*. We, you, they, . . . *finden*.

TO FORGET, *vergessen*. Forgot, *vergass*. Past par.,

vergessen. I forget, *ich vergesse*. He, she, . . . *vergisst*. We, you, they, . . . *vergessen*.

TO GIVE, *geben*. Gave, *gab*. Past par., *gegeben*. I give,

ich gebe. He, she, . . . *gibt*. We, you, they, . . . *geben*.

TO GO, *gehen*. Went, *ging*. Past par., *gegangen*. I

go, *ich gehe*. He, she, . . . *geht*. We, you, they, . . . *gehen*.

TO KNOW, *wissen*. Knew, *wusste*. Past par., *gewusst*.

I know, *ich weiss*. He, she, . . . *weiss*. We, you, they . . . *wissen*.

TO LET (or LEAVE), *lassen*. Let or left, *liess*. Past par.,

gelassen. I let (or leave), *ich lasse*. He, she, . . . *lässt*. We, you, they, . . . *lassen*.

TO LOSE, *verlieren*. Lost, *verlor*. Past par., *verloren*.

I lose, *ich verliere*. He, she, . . . *verliert*. We, you, they, . . . *verlieren*.

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TO READ, *lesen*. Read, *las*. Past par., *gelesen*. I read, *ich lese*. He, she, . . . *liest*. We, you, they, . . . *lesen*.

TO RIDE, *fahren*. Rode, *fuhr*. Past par., *gefahren*. I ride, *ich fahre*. He, she, . . . *fährt*. We, you, they, . . . *fahren*.

TO SEE, *sehen*. Saw, *sah*. Past par., *gesehen*. I see, *ich sehe*. He, she, . . . *sieht*. We, you, they, . . . *sehen*.

TO SEND, *senden*. Sent, *sandte*. Past par., *gesandt*. I send, *ich sende*. He, she, . . . *sendet*. We, you, they, . . . *senden*.

TO SIT, *sitzen*. Sat, *sass*. Past par., *gesessen*. I sit, *ich sitze*. He she, . . . *sitzt*. We, you, they, . . . *sitzen*.

TO SPEAK, *sprechen*. Spoke, *sprach*. Past par., *gesprachen*. I speak, *ich spreche*. He, she, . . . *spricht*. We, you, they, . . . *sprechen*.

TO STAND, *stehen*. Stood, *stand*. Past par., *gestanden*. I stand, *ich stehe*. He, she, . . . *steht*. We, you, they, . . . *stehen*.

TO STAY (or REMAIN), *bleiben*. Remained, *bleib*. Past par., *geblieben*. I stay (or remain), *ich bleibe*. He, she, . . . *bleibt*. We, you, they, . . . *bleiben*.

TO TAKE, *nehmen*. Took, *nahm*. Past par., *genommen*. I take, *ich nehme*. He, she, . . . *nimmt*. We, you, they, . . . *nehmen*.

TO THINK, *denken*. Thought, *dachte*. Past par., *gedacht*. I think, *ich denke*. He, she, . . . *denkt*. We, you, they, . . . *denken*.

TO WRITE, *schreiben*. Wrote, *schrieb*. Past par., *geschrieben*. I write, *ich schreibe*. He, she, . . . *schreibt*. We, you, they, . . . *schreiben*.

CARDINAL NUMBERS

	<i>German.</i>	<i>Pronunciation.</i>
1	Eins	Inss—(<i>i</i> as in <i>line</i>).
2	Zwei (or <i>zwo</i>)	Tsvi—(<i>i</i> as in <i>line</i> —Tsvo).
3	Drei	Dry.
4	Vier	fear.
5	Fünf	Funf.
6	Sechs	Zex
7	Sieben	Zeeb'n.
8	Acht	Ahcht—(Scotch <i>ch</i>).
9	Neun	Noin.
10	Zehn	Tsain
11	Elf	Elf.

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	<i>German.</i>	<i>Pronunciation.</i>
12	Zwölf	Zsverlf.
13	Drizehn	Drytsain.
14	Vierzehn	Feartsain.
15	Funfzehn	Funftsain.
16	Sechzehn	Zechstsain.
17	Siebzehn	Seeptsain.
18	Achtzehn	Ahcht-tsain.
19	Neunzehn	Nointsain.
20	Zwanzig	Tsvahnsich.
21	Einund-zwanzig	Inoont tsvahnsich (<i>i</i> as in <i>line</i>).
22	Zweiund-zwanzig	Tsvioont-tsvahnsich.
30	Dreissig	
40	Vierzig	
50	Funfzig	
60	Sechzig	Zechs-sich.
70	Siebzig	Zeepsich.
100	Hundert	Hoondert.
1000	Tausend	Tahoozent.

ORDINAL NUMBERS

	<i>German.</i>	<i>Pronunciation.</i>
1st	Erste	(airste—final <i>e</i> almost <i>er</i>).
2nd	Zweite	
	Etc., etc.	

FRACTIONS

<i>English.</i>	<i>German.</i>	<i>Pronunciation.</i>
Half	Halfte	(helfte—final <i>e</i> almost <i>er</i>).
Third	Drittel	(dreetel).
Quarter	Viertel	(feart'l).

DAYS AND MONTHS

<i>English.</i>	<i>German.</i>	<i>Pronunciation.</i>
Sunday	Sonntag	(Sontahk).
Monday	Montag	(Montahk).
Tuesday	Dienstag	(Deenstahk).
Wednesday	Mittwoch	(Mitvoch).
Thursday	Donnerstag	(Donnerstahk).
Friday	Freitag	(Frytahk).
Saturday	Samstag (or Sonnabend).	(Sahmstahk or Sonahbent, accent on the <i>ah</i> of <i>sonahbent</i>).

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<i>English.</i>	<i>German.</i>	<i>Pronunciation.</i>
January	Januar	(Yahnnoohr).
February	Februar	(Febroohr).
March	Marz	(Mairtz).
April	April	(Ahpreel).
May	Mai	(Mahee).
June	Juni	(Yoonee).
July	Juli	(Yoolee).
August	August	(Ahoogoost).
September	September	(Septembair).
October	Oktober	(Oktohbair).
November	November	(Nohvembair).
December	Dezember	(Day-tsembair).

TIME

<i>English.</i>	<i>German.</i>	<i>Pronunciation.</i>
Tell me the time, please	Wollen Sie mir, bitte, die Zeit sagen i	
One o'clock	Ein Uhr	(in oor— <i>i</i> as in <i>line</i>).
Half-past three	Halb Vier	(hahlb fear).
Quarter past six	Ein viertel nach Sechs	(nahch).
Twenty minutes to ten	Zwanzig Minuten vor Zehn Etc.	(minooten).

<i>English.</i>	<i>German.</i>	<i>Pronunciation.</i>
Morning	Morgen	(Morg'n).
Noon	Mittag	(Mit-tahk).
Evening	Abend	(Ahbent).
Night	Nacht	(Nahcht).
To-day	Heute	(Hoytai).
To-morrow	Morgen	
Yesterday	Gestern	(Gestairn).
Last night	Gestern Abend	
To-night	Heute Abend	

MENU

SOUP (*Suppe*)

Pea soup	Erbsensuppe
Julienne	Fleischbrühe mit Gemuse
Gravy soup	Kraftbrühe

FISH (*Fischspeisen*).

Salmon	Salm or Lachs.
Lobster	Hummer
Crayfish	Krebs
Fried sole	Gebratene See-Zunge
Turbot	Steinbutte
Mackerel	Makrele

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MEAT (*Fleisch*).

Roast beef	Rindsbraten
Roast pork	Schweinebraten
Mutton	Hammelfleisch
Roast veal	Kalbsbraten
Boiled beef	Gekochtes Rindfleisch
Beefsteak	Bif-steak
Pressed beef	Pokelfleisch
Chops	Kotelette
Sausages	Wurste
Chicken	Huhn

VEGETABLES (*Gemüse*).

Beans	Bohnen
Cabbage	Kohl
Cauliflower	Blumenkohl
Red cabbage	Rotkohl
Brussels sprouts	Rosenkohl
Celery	Sellerie
Fried potatoes	Bratkartoffeln
Green peas	Junge Erbsen
Onions	Zwiebeln
Spinach	Spinat
Asparagus	Spargeln

Cucumber salad	Gurkensalat
Potato salad	Kartoffelsalat
Green salad	Grüner Salat

FRUIT (*Obst*).

Apple	Apfel
Orange	Apfelsine
Pear	Birne
Strawberries	Erdbeeren
Grapes	Trauben
Nuts	Nusse
Banana	Banane
Pineapple	Ananas.
Cherries	Kirschen

Cheese, Kase. Vanilla ice, Eis mit Vanille. Cake, Kuche. Salt, Salz. Pepper, Pfeffer. Mustard, Senf. Sugar, Zucker.

Egg, Ei. Eggs, Eier. Scrambled eggs, Rühreir. Omelette (same word). Fried eggs, Spiegeleier. Ham omelette, Omelette mit Schinken.

PHRASES

In the Custom House

I have nothing to declare	Ich habe nichts zu verzollen.
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At the Hotel

I want a room, please	Ich möchte ein Zimmer, bitte
What does it cost a night— a week ?	Was kostet es für eine Nacht—eine Woche ?
That is too dear	Das ist zu teuer
Give me my key, please	Geben Sie mir mein Schlüssel, bitte
Give me my bill, please	Geben Sie mir meine Rechnung, bitte

In the Street

Please, constable, will you tell me where ——street is ?	Bitte, Wachtmeister, wollen Sie mir sagen wo die —— strasse ist ?
. . . . where the post- office is ? wo das Postamt ist ?
Go to the left — the right — straight ahead	Gehen Sie nach links— rechts—gehen Sie gerade aus
Is it far ?	Ist es weit ?

Restaurant and Café

Bring me the menu, please	Bringen Sie mir, bitte, die Speisekarte
---------------------------	--

A spoon, a fork, a knife	Einen Löffel, eine Gabel, ein Messer
More butter, please	Noch etwas Butter, bitte
Another roll, please	Noch ein Brötchen, bitte
A cup of coffee	Eine Tasse Kaffee
A glass of beer	Ein glas Bier
I want to pay	Ich möchte zahlen

ODDS AND ENDS

Words and Phrases

I want my hair cut	Ich mochte mir das Haar schneiden lassen
Not too short	Nicht zu kurz
I want a shave	Ich möchte mich rasieren lassen
Twenty - five cigarettes, please	Fünfund-zwansig Zigaretten, bitte
A twenty-five pfennig cigar	Ein fünfund-zwansig Zigar
A box of matches	Eine Schachtel Streich- hölzer
Give me a light, please	Bitte, geben Sie mir Feuer
A twenty-five pfennig stamp, please	Ein fünfund-zwansig Brief- marke, bitte

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Ten fifteen pfennig stamps, please	Zehn fünfzehn pfennig Briefmarken, bitte
Have you any English papers ?	Haben Sie englischen Zeitungen ?
Where can I change my money ?	Wo kann ich mein Geld gewechselt bekommen ?
I want to change £10	Ich möchte zehn Pfund wechseln
Do you speak English ?	Sprechen Sie englisch ?
Do you speak French ?	Sprechen Sie französisch ?
I don't understand you	Ich verstehe Sie nicht
Speak slowly, please	Sprechen Sie langsam, bitte
What ? Pardon ?	
What did you say ?	Bitte ?
Please	Bitte
Thanks	Danke
Good morning	Guten Morgen
Good day	Guten Tag
How are you ?	Wie geht es Ihnen ?
Good evening	Guten Abend
Good night	Gute Nacht
Au revoir	Auf Wiedersehen

VOCABULARY

(m—masculine, f—feminine, n—neuter).

(For verbs see page 174, for phrases and additional words see pages 13, 18, 31, 32, 43, 45, 58, 59, 69, 71, 73, 74, 75, 86, 93, 102, 105, 120, 131, 133, 142, 148, 150, 154, 155, 156 157, and this chapter.)

Air	Luft (f)
Also	Auch
Always	Immer
Animal	Tier (n)
Arm	Arm (m)
Artist	Künstler (m)
Ashtray	Ashenbecher (m)
At ——— o'clock	Um ——— Uhr
At home	Zu Hause
Autumn	Herbst (m)
Back	Rücken (m)
Bad	Schlecht
Baked	Gebacken
Barber	Friseur (m)
Bath	Bad (n)
Bathroom	Badestube (f)
Because	Weil
Bed	Bett (n)

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Beer	Bier (n)
Before	Vor
Behind	Nach
Bell	Klingel (f)
Better	Besser
Best	Beste
Big	Gross
Bird	Vogel (m)
Black	Schwartz
Blotting-paper	Löschpapier (n)
Blouse	Bluse (f)
Blue	Blau
Boiled	Gekocht
Book	Buch (n)
Bottle	Flasche (f)
Bowl	Kugel (f)
Braces	Hosenträgen (m)
Breakfast	Frühstück (n)
Bread	Brot (n)
Broken	Kaputt
Brother	Bruder (m)
Brown	Braun

Busy	Beschäftigt
Button	Knopf (m)
Cab	Droschke (f)
Café	Café or Konditorei (f)
Cat	Katze (f)
Cathedral	Dom (m)
Chair	Stuhl (m)
Cheap	Billig
Chemist	Apotheke (f)
Child	Kind (n)
Chocolate	Schokolade (f)
Church	Kirche (f)
Cinema	Kino or Lichtspiele.
City	Stadt (f)
Clean	Rein
Clock	Uhr (f)
Coat	Rock (m)
Cold	Kalt
Colour	Farbe (f)
Corkscrew	Kork-zieher (m)
Cotton (sewing)	Faden (m)

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Countryside	Land (n)
Cup	Tasse (f)
Dark	Dunkel
Dead	Töd
Dear (expensive)	Teuer
Dentist	Zahnartz (m)
Difference	Unterschied
Difficult	Schwer
Dinner	Abendessen (n)
Dirty	Schmutzig
Doctor	Arzt (m)
Dog	Hund (m)
Door	Tür (f)
Drawer	Schublade (f)
Dress	Kleid (n)
Early	Früh
Englishman	Englander (m)
Enough	Genug
Entrance	Eingang (m)
Envelope	Couvert (n)
Every, each	Jeder

Everywhere	Überall
Everybody	Jeder, Jedermann
Exhibition	Ausstellung (f)
Exit	Ausgang (m)
Eye	Auge (n)
Fast	Schnell
Father	Vater (m)
Flower	Blume (f)
Floor	Boden (m)
Foot	Füss (m)
For	Für
Forbidden	Verboten
Front	Vorderseite (f)
Funny	Komisch
Garden	Garten (m)
Girl	Mädchen (n)
Glove	Handschuh (m)
Green	Grün
Grey	Grau
Good	Gut

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Hair	Haar (n)
Hand	Hand (f)
Happy	Glücklich
Hat	Hüt (m)
Head	Kopf (m)
Heaven	Himmel (m)
Heavy	Schwer
Hell	Hölle (f)
Here	Hier
Horse	Pferd (n)
Hot	Heiss
House	Haus (n)
How	Wie
How many ?	Wie viele ?
How much ?	Wie viel ?
Hungry	Hungrig
If	Wenn
Ill	Krank
In	In
Ink	Tinte (f)

Inside	Innen or drinnen
Iron	Eisen (n)
Jewel	Juwel (n)
Key	Schlüssel (m)
King	König (m)
Kiss	Kuss (m)
Lady	Dame (f)
Lake	See (f)
Lamp	Lampe (f)
Last	Letzt
Late	Spat
Lavatory	Toilette (f)
Letter	Brief (m)
Letter-paper	Briefpapier (n)
Light	Licht (n)
Put on the light	Machen Sie Licht
Put out the light	Machen Sie das Licht aus
Long	Lang
Luggage	Gepäck (m)
Luggage-van	Gepäckwagen (n)
Lunch	Mittagessen (n)

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Manager	Direktor (m)
Matches	Streichhölzer (n)
Mirror	Spiegel (m)
Money	Geld (n)
Mother	Mutter (f)
Mouth	Mund (m)
No	Nein
None, not any, not a	Kein, keine
Now	Jetzt
Often	Oft
Of, from	Von
Old	Alt
On	Auf
Once	Einmal
Or	Oder
Outside	Aussen, or draussen
Over	Über
Overcoat	Mantel (m)
Pardon !	Verzeihung ! (f)
Pedestrian	Fussganger (m)

Pen	Feder (f)
Pencil	Bleistift (m)
People	Volk (n), leute (pl.)
Perhaps	Vielleicht
Picture	Bild (n)
Pillarbox	Briefkasten (m)
Pretty	Schön
Pull	Ziehen
Push	Drucken
Quick	Schnell
Ready	Fertig
Really	Wirklich
Red	Rot
Room	Zimmer (n)
Sad	Traurig
Shoe	Shuh (m)
Shop	Laden (m), kaufhaus (n)
Short	Kurz
Side	Seite
Since	Seit

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Sister	Schwester (f)
Slow	Langsam
Small	Klein, kleine
Soap	Seife (f)
Soldier	Soldat (m)
Some (singular)	Etwas (<i>etwas Wasser</i> , some water)
Some (collective)	Einige (<i>einige Streichholzer</i> , some matches)
Song	Lied (n)
Spring	Frühling (m)
Station	Bahn (f)
Steamer	Dampfer (m)
Stop !	Halt !
Storey	Stock (m), etage (f)
Strong	Stark
Suit of clothes	Anzug (m)
Summer	Summer (m)
Table	Tisch (m)
Then	Dann
There	Da, or dort
Thing	Ding (n)

Thirsty	Durstig
Through	Durch
Time	Zeit (f)
Tobacco	Tabak (m)
Together	Zusammen
Too, to	Zu
Tooth	Zahn (m)
Towel	Handtuch (n)
Train	Zug (m)
Traveller	Reisende (m)
Tree	Baum (m)
Trousers	Hose (f)
Trunk	Koffer (m)
Ugly	Haszlich
Under	Unter
Very	Sehr
Waiter	Kellner (m). (Call him "Herr Ober")
War	Krieg (m)
Water	Wasser (n)
Weak	Schwach

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What	Was
When	Wann
Where	Wo
Which	Welches
White	Weiss
Who	Wer
Why	Warum
Window	Fenster (n)
Wine	Wein (m)
Winter	Winter (m)
With	Mit, or bei
Without	Ohne
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